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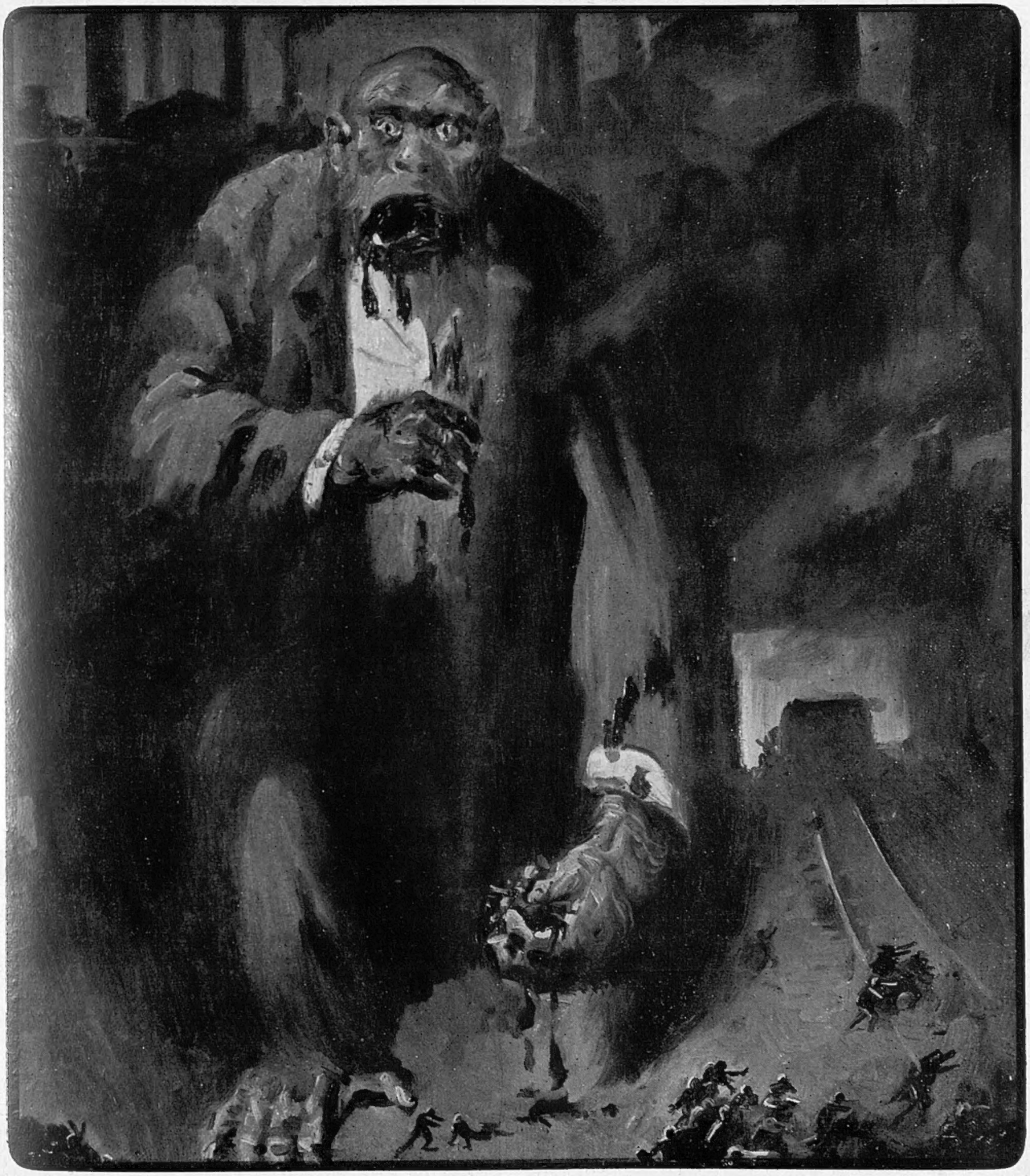

THE STRIKE DEMON

The Evil Genius of Industrial Strife' Pictured by Balfour Ker

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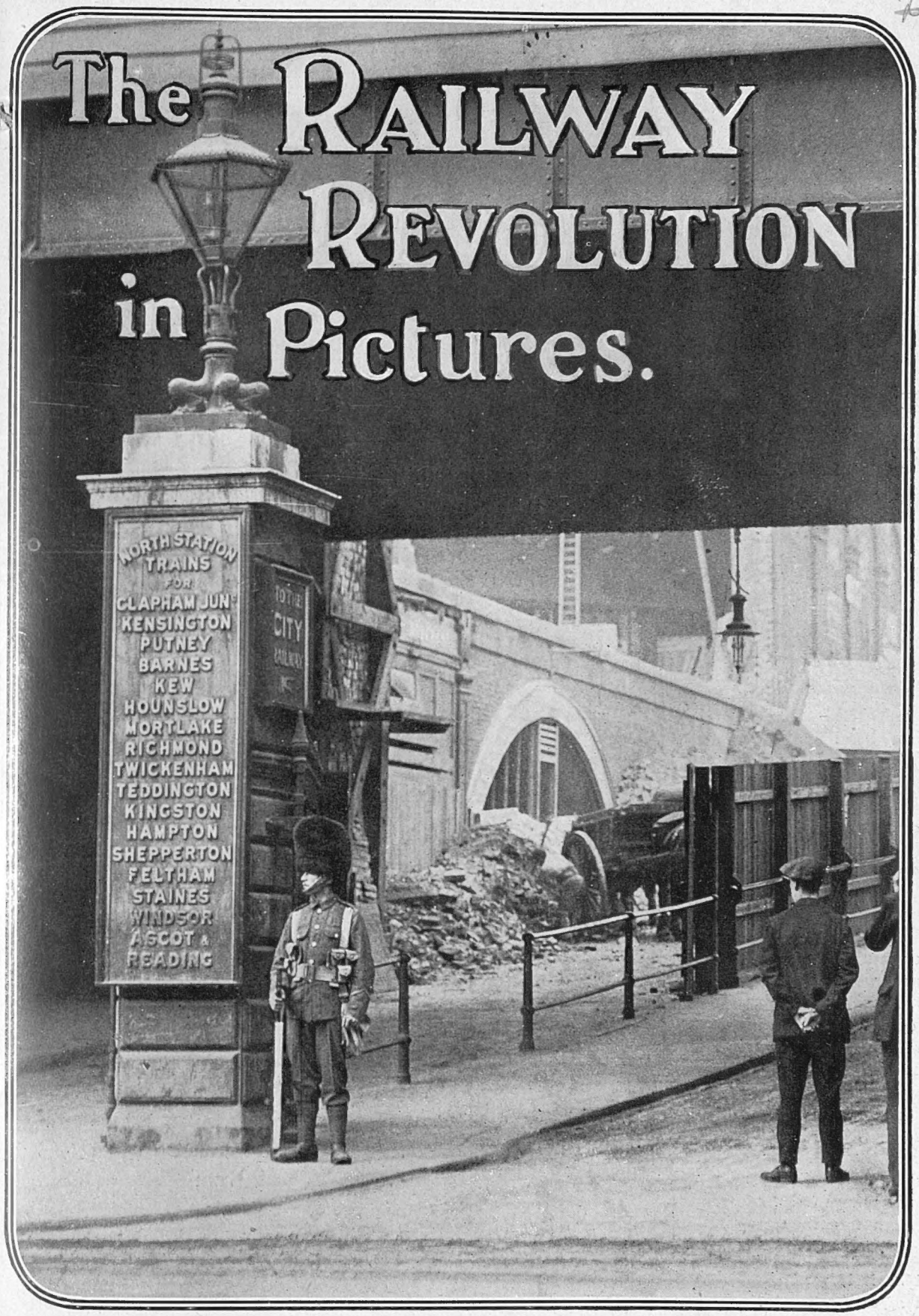
The Railway Revolution in Pictures.



THE GUARDS AT WATERLOO (Station)

One of the first steps taken by the Government last week on the declaration of a general railway strike was to march troops to all the London termini and post sentries. We have always associated the British Guards with Waterloo. After this year of Socialist grace, it seems we shall have to connect them also with Waterloo Station

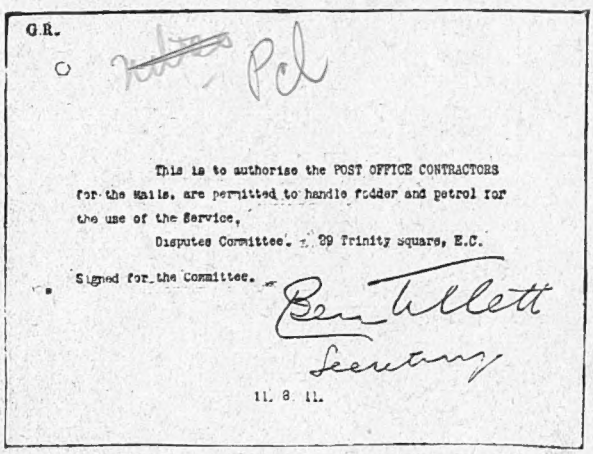
The Cruiser "Antrim" in the Mersey, Whither it was Despatched, with other Vessels of War, to Protect the Liverpool Shipping

The One Thing Needful

"It only needs the Germans to come now to put the lid on it." Thus many and many a gloomy citizen during the last and most "striking" week of recent memory. I regret to say that the remark was not infrequently accompanied by the rider, "and a jolly good job if they did come!"—this shocking sentiment being expressed not by Socialists or anti-patriots, but by those elderly persons of unimpeachable Tory sympathies who were, the previous week, from deck chairs on divers' beaches, dying in the last ditch.

Unpatriotic Patriots

The underlying idea in the "minds" of these gentry is that any Government, even the Kaiser's, would be better for the country than this one of blank this-es and asterisk-ed thats. One retired gentleman of my acquaintance, in the club of a Devonshire watering-place, actually listened hopefully lest the guns booming from distant Plymouth might be *not* those of the British fleet!


G.R.

This is to authorise the POST OFFICE CONTRACTORS for the mails, are permitted to handle fodder and petrol for the use of the Service,

Disputes Committee. 29 Trinity Square, E.C.

Signed for the Committee.

Ben Tillett
Secretary

11. 8. 11.

England's Ruler Last Week

Note that this "permit," signed by Tillet, is on official paper stamped "G.R." Attention is also called to the Labour Leader's grammar

May It Never Happen Again

Had Germany chosen last week as the moment of the long-delayed *coup*, it would only be in accordance with the programme sketched out for her by Major du Maurier in *An Englishman's Home*, wherein a universal strike was one of the conditions of a successful surprise landing. She has let the chance go by, and it may never happen again, as Mr. William de Morgan would say. That it never shall is now the immediate business of what His Majesty is pleased to call his Government. The nation has learned that if it takes two to make a compromise, it also takes two to keep it. The men have clearly enough shown that to them, like the Germans, a treaty's a treaty as long as it suits, and not a moment after. Now that their present demands are granted, and we have a further peace, will not the agitators promptly proceed to draw up the next set, for peremptory production on the next suitable occasion? The knowledge that at any moment the national life may be brought to a standstill has made many people wish that we had had the fight now, and fought it to a desperate finish.

The Case for Intervention

To return for one moment to the Germans. Had they or any other European Power "tried it on," they would not have put themselves so very wrong with the other Powers. England was, last week, positively Moroccan in its disorderliness. The principal trade routes were closed, and the security of many of the chief trading stations was menaced by disorderly tribesmen. The Christian populations were none too well protected by the local *gendarmerie*, while the inflammatory speeches of Ben-Til-Lett and other mullahs might easily have led to a Jehad. Had Germany—or even Turkey or Persia—sent warships and landed blue-jackets, the other European Powers could not have reasonably objected. If the first-named desired to prove

that she had "substantial trading interests" in these islands, I daresay she could easily do so. No doubt the Brothers Mannesman have some agents here who could have been molested at a convenient moment. Germany having, further, decided that she has now no further use for Agadir might find a better coaling station at—say—Hull. True, it might lower the pride of the Yorkshiremen, but—would that be altogether to the detriment of such unmitigated Radicals?

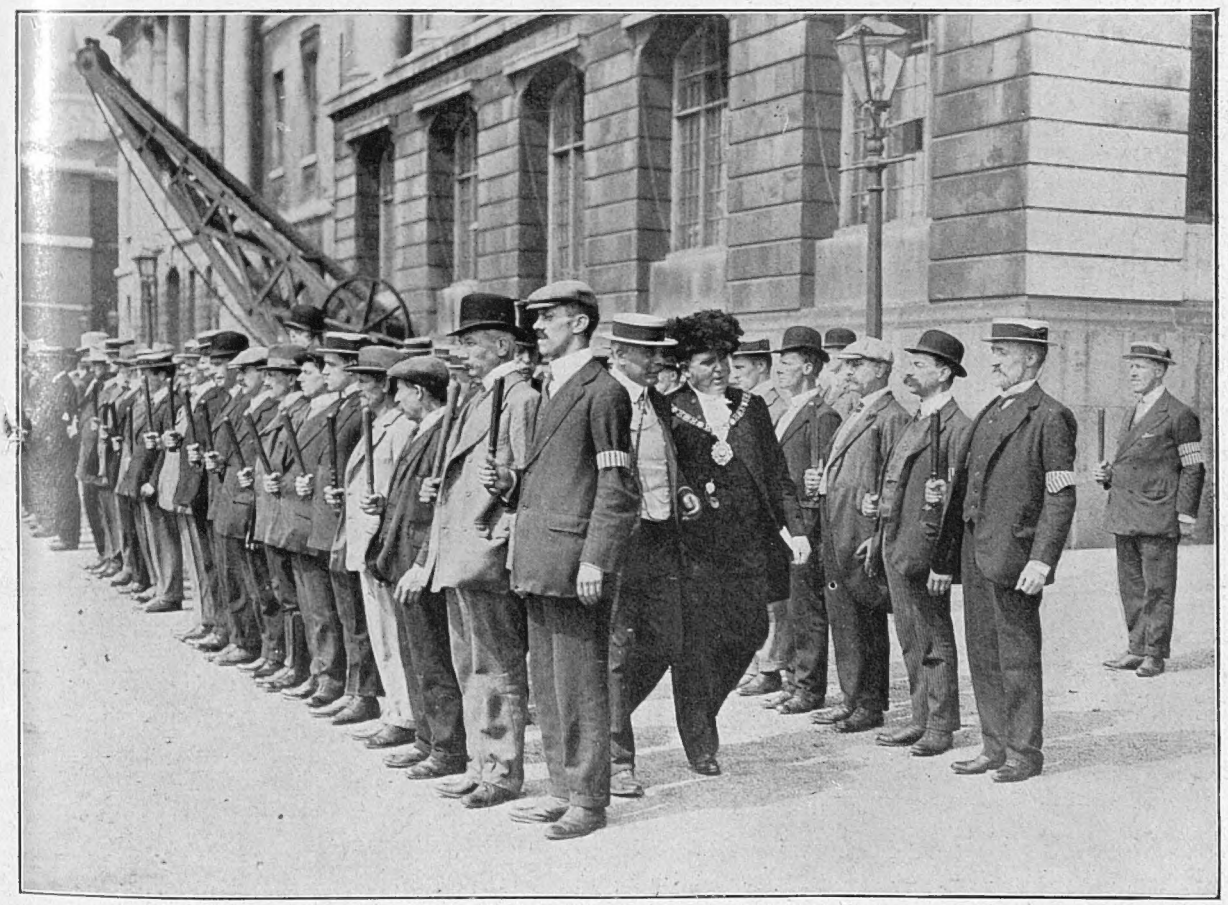
A Gilbertian Situation at Euston
Police guarding bullion (for strike pay) belonging to the A.S.R.S.—fair play for the enemy, indeed!

Stop-Press Sentiments

Since penning the above random remarks I have received the glad news that the "strike" is settled—the forty-eight hours' war is over. My stop-press sentiments are two—one is a sincere congratulation to Mr. Lloyd George on the truly magnificent diplomacy by which, at the eleventh hour, he secured peace where all the omens pointed to war. The other is a fervent hope, mingled with a fearful doubt, that the settlement will be more lasting than that for which we blessed Mr. George in 1907. Meanwhile, I reserve this reflection: If the present private railway organisation is such that the very existence of the British people is liable to be imperilled at twenty-four hours' notice, would the nationalisation of railways be so terrible an evil as we are taught to suppose? Should we, for the sake of the individualistic fetish, risk the loss of a nation's life-blood? But I have no doubt that some such ideas have long been at the back of the brains of Messrs. George and Churchill, the firm in whose hands our affairs are now likely for some years to be entrusted.

A Grievance

At one of the great London termini last Friday a porter was asked if he were going to strike. "I expect so," he said, "but I ain't got my orders yet." "Have you," was the next question, "any grievances to justify your striking?" "Grievances! I should think we 'ave." "And what are they?" The man hesitated for a moment. "Well, in the first place, guv'nor, we ain't allowed to go to the refreshment room for beer. We've got to go outside!" *Satis est.* The man was not allowed to buy his beer at the station refreshment room. Therefore he—and his like—strike, and plunge thousands into the direst misery! And they have all got Parliamentary votes! And Female Suffrage is coming! Then Adult Suffrage! Heaven help England!



The End of the Strike: The Lord Mayor Dismisses Special Constables
At the Custom House Quay on Sunday the Lord Mayor dismissed the Special Constables enrolled in the City. The applicants for these posts numbered many thousands, and included men in all ranks of life

TO THE RESCUE

TROOPS AT ALL THE

TROOPS WHO SLEPT BY AN ENGINE AT WATERLOO

HIGHLANDERS AT THE GATES OF

POLICE GUARDING A GATE AT ST. PANCRAS

ROYAL FUSILIERS IN THE LADIES'

Visitors to the London termini last Friday morning after the strike had commenced might have imagined that there had been an outbreak of war. Every great station was in the hands of the military, and there were very general expressions of appreciation for the quickness of the Government to take steps to defeat the railway trade union

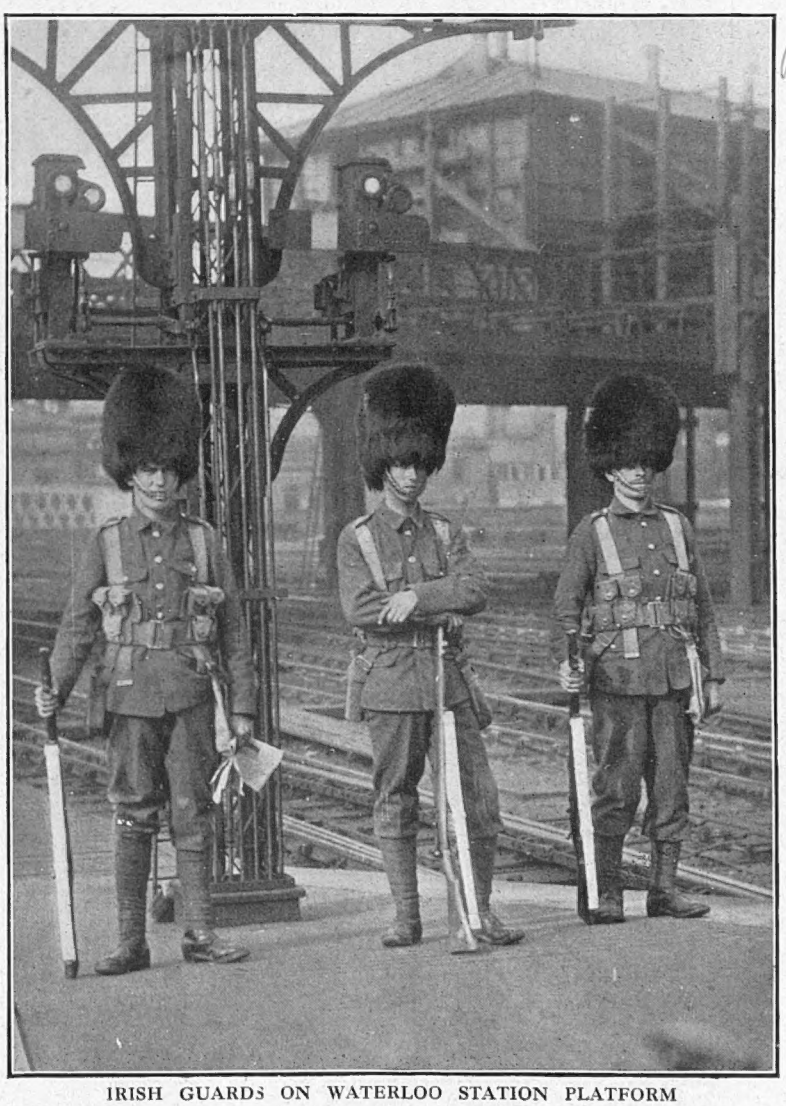
OF THE RAILWAYS!

PRINCIPAL LONDON TERMINI

OF WATERLOO STATION

REVEILLE AFTER TWO HOURS' SLEEP AT EUSTON

WAITING-ROOMS AT LIVERPOOL STREET



IRISH GUARDS ON WATERLOO STATION PLATFORM

onstrous act of aggression. The soldiers fell to their duties with a rare will, in many cases assisting with the ading and unloading of goods. The spectacle of gallant Highlanders doing their work with twice the strength and pedition the goods' porters usually employ, obviously filled with an unholy rage those of the latter who had struck

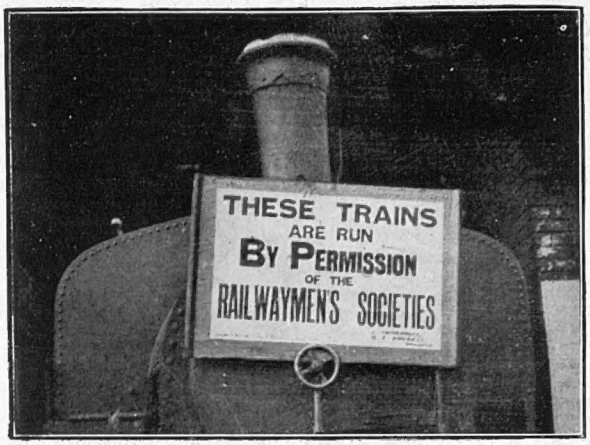
The Gordons Fill the Breach!

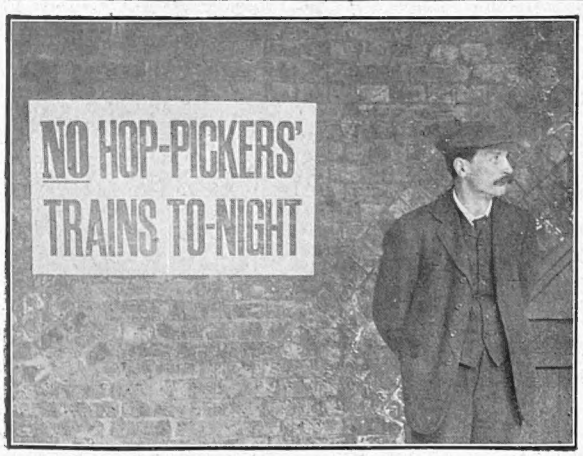
GORDON HIGHLANDERS UNLOADING FODDER AND BAGGAGE AT WATERLOO STATION

The Gordons did their own portering at Waterloo Station in the early hours of the strike, helping to load and unload as if they had been at the business all their lives. After this they will be well entitled to be known as "the handy-men of the Army"

Ominous Strike Placards

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE PROGRESS AND FINISH OF THE FIGHT





The placards photographed above are admirably illustrative of the progress and end of the strike. It is difficult to read the first (that in the top left corner) without a sensation of nausea at the arrogance of the strike leaders. The others have a quaint appearance that will appeal more readily to our overseas readers than to those at home. The sleeping station bootblack in the top right-hand picture was probably the most relieved person in London on Sunday morning

At Court and in Society

The King's Movements

NOW that the labour revolution is for the most part over, this week His Majesty is at Moy, the guest of The Mackintosh, an old friend, and invited to meet him are the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe, Lord and Lady Tullibardine, Lord and Lady Chesterfield, Lady Cynthia Graham, Lady Beatrice Meade, Lord Lovat (whose sumptuous Grouse Commission Report is just published), and Miss Jane Bruce. On Saturday the King goes to Tulchan, and next week joins the Queen on Deeside. The very last word in sport and luxury is the assured privilege of all guests of the Sassoons, whose small but very comfortable Strathspey lodge belongs to Lady Seafield, and was built by Bass, the brewer, grandfather of Lady Burton.

Photograph *Rita Martin*

Lady Cecily Browne

Second daughter of the Earl of Kenmare, whose engagement is announced to Lt. Hon. T. E. Vesey, Irish Guards, brother to Viscount de Vesci

Latest Engagements

Two baronets are included on the latest list of the many 1911 engagements—Sir Hill Child and Sir Ernest Cochrane. The latter, who is, of course, only the second baronet, and the head of the Dublin mineral-water firm, is allying his fortunes with a Bayswater lady of German origin, Miss Elsa Schumacher; and Sir Hill Child is to marry Lady Helen Grosvenor, daughter of the late Duke of Westminster and aunt (though nine years his junior) of the present Duke, Lady Shaftesbury, and Lady Beauchamp.

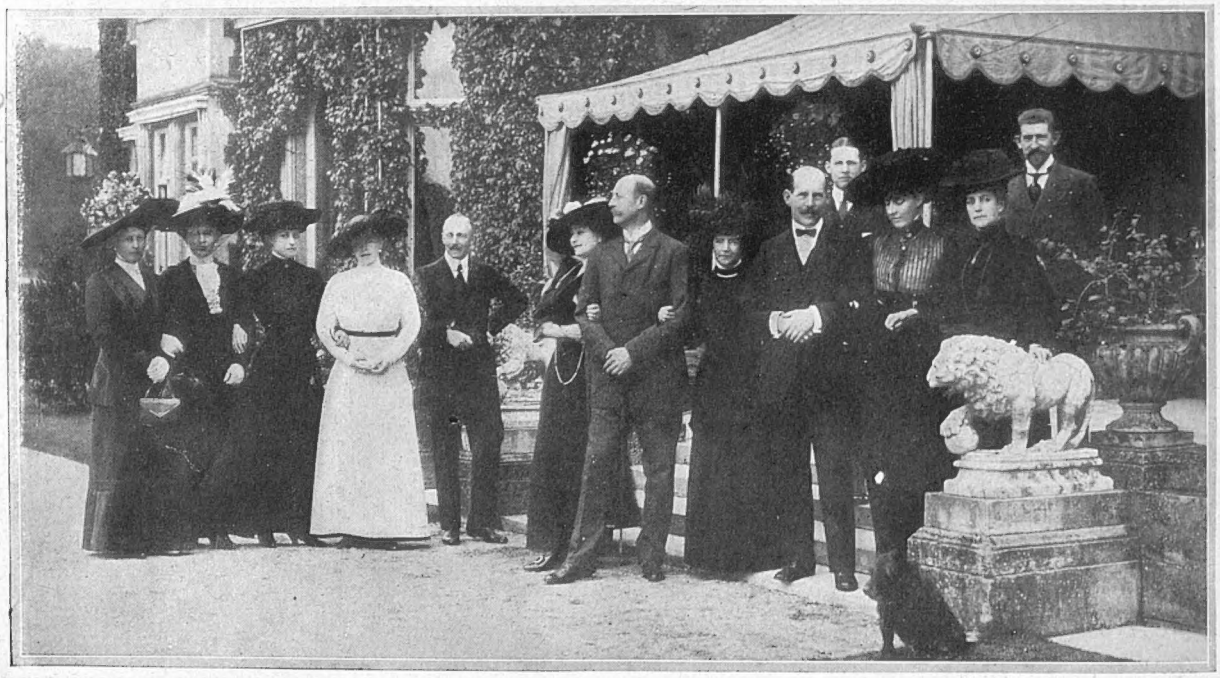
Photograph *Rita Martin*

Lady Helen Grosvenor

Daughter of the late Duke of Westminster and aunt of the present Duke, who is engaged to Sir Smith Hill Child, a popular Guardsman

The Count

The counting of the votes and speeches of Members of Parliament, in order to ascertain the winner of the fine car which I offered in the recent political competition, is proceeding apace. It is, as may be imagined, a tremendous task, but the result will be announced at the earliest possible moment.



Photograph *Ralph, Dersingham*

A Royal Group Taken at Sandringham During Queen Alexandra's Last Stay There

Queen Alexandra

In addition to Queen Alexandra, the group includes Princess Frederick Charles of Hesse, the Duchess of Sparta, Princess Ellen of Greece, Prince and Princess George of Greece, the Empress Marie of Russia, the Duke of Sparta, and the Duchess of Aosta

Her Unconventional Highness

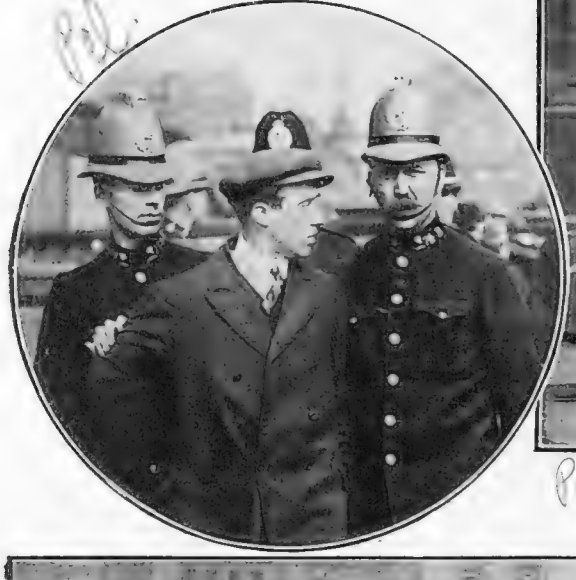
Photograph] H.S.H. THE PRINCESS PLESS [*Sport and General*

It is nearly twenty years since the debutante Miss "Daisy" Cornwallis West married John Henry XV., Prince of Hochberg, Freiherr zu Fürstenstein and Duke of Pless, yet "Her Highness" preserves astonishingly that air of youth which is the precious prerogative of the Society woman. In her time the Princess has been a famous whip and a fine rider to hounds, and she still sails a yacht with anyone, sings an after-dinner song with grace, and amateur-acts with the best. Fürstenstein, her husband's ancestral seat, is a typical German Schloss, a delightful mixture of feudalism and modernity, and duly luxurious. During the autumn months there are always parties there, with wild boar hunting in addition to the usual sport. The Princess's son, the future Duke, had King Edward for godfather, also the Kaiser

The Labour Revolution in the North

"Dahn with 'em!" A Typical Socialist Orator, and Below, One of His Foolish Victims

The Scots Greys Arriving at the Liverpool Docks to Assist in Quelling the Strike Riots



Inside Lime Street Station, Liverpool: Note the Hose Ready to Repel Strikers' Attacks

Men of the Yorkshire Regiment and Scots Greys Guarding Loaded Carts in the Liverpool Streets

Of the ultimate result of the strike fever that has spread through the land it would be difficult to say much, but one thing is absolutely certain. Public resentment may take a long time to arouse in England, but the experience of the last few days has set the public in bulk dead against the trade unions. With the latter THE BYSTANDER has no particular quarrel. Some such organisation is necessary to procure just treatment for labourers, but when the power is used to procure the paralysation of business, when the power decrees recklessly that people shall starve in preference to the refusal of labour's demands, then every decent-minded man or woman must inevitably come to the conclusion that the power must

The Ancient "Argument" of the Brickbat

Troops Leaving the Landing-Stage at Liverpool en route to the Military Encampment at Edge Hill

"Less Work! More Money!" Another Socialist Orator, and, Below, Another Deluded Follower

A Provision Shop in Scotland Road, Liverpool, Attacked and Looted at Night

The Military Camp at the Tournament Ground, Edge Hill: 18th Hussars Encamped

be crippled. Men have been shot in Liverpool—poor, ignorant dupes, indeed—but the men who ought to suffer, and that to some purpose, are the fat-living propagandists in the House of Commons and elsewhere, who glory in any course of action, however violent, that satisfies their vulgar craving for self-advertisement. The Labour Party in England to-day is led and engineered by a narrow-minded, self-seeking set of men who, in their crazy passion for glorification among their own class, entirely ignore the interests of the country to which one deeply regrets to have to admit they belong.

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

A VERY rosy view of our internal politics is taken by the *Rheinish-Westphalien Gazette*—a German organ. "As a result of the passing of the Veto Bill," it says, "the future English Conservative leaders are already at the door."

* * *

This is excellent news, and will, no doubt, have a bad effect upon Mr. Lloyd George's golf handicap when he reads it. It stands at—fifteen, I believe, and should go up to—twenty. But is the *Rheinish-Westphalien Gazette* absolutely positive? It ought not to toy with our feelings.

* * *

Mr. Fisher, Premier of Australia, declares that Mr. Winston Churchill has a remarkably strong hold upon the English Democracy. This may or may not be so, but ought Mr. Fisher, after the hospitable way in which he was treated over here, go back and belittle the Old Country like this?

* * *

Hot weather seems responsible for the formation of the Independent Political Association, whose members include Mr. G. K. Chesterton, the Rev. W. F. Cobb, and Mr. Martin Harvey. The idea seems to be that there should be Independent M.P.'s, who have their own opinions and stick to them, not only during elections, but in the House. It sounds revolutionary and delightful.

* * *

The test would be when the Independent Party got in, and the members of the Cabinet included Mr. G. K. Chesterton, the Rev. W. F. Cobb, and Mr. Martin Harvey. Each Minister having an independent mind, how would they all agree on any given point? Suppose Germany threatened war, and Mr. Chesterton wanted to fight, and the Rev. Cobb didn't, and Mr. Harvey was busy rehearsing *The Only Way*. What would happen?

* * *

Or supposing the Nottingham worm-gatherers again went on strike and Mr. Chesterton called out the military, and the Rev. Cobb told them to go away, and Mr. Harvey invited them to a first night? I cannot see how the party would work, though I admit that Mr. Chesterton would make a more stalwart War Minister even than Lord Haldane.

* * *

Apropos of strikes, what is the good of reading the Riot Act in the old-fashioned way? One would suppose that we were still an absolutely uncivilised people, ignorant of the megaphone, of electric lighting facilities, or of the possibilities of the captive balloon as an advertising medium.

* * *

If there is any sense in proclaiming the Riot Act, the thing should be done properly. The Mayor should start off shouting it through the megaphone, and if that fails, should display the Act in revolving colours outside the Town Hall, or from a captive balloon. No seething mob is going to listen to an old gentleman while he reads out the words from a piece of paper.

* * *

"It is impossible"—says the *Daily Mail*—"for the sportswoman to be incommoded by a reticule." This announcement will, it is to be feared, disappoint the smart woman, who, invited to the moors to pursue the grouse, has provided herself with a nice new vanity-bag. But no doubt it could be left in the gunroom, or entrusted to one of the gillies while the fair shooter is actually taking aim.

ETIQUETTE HINT: NEVER EAT WITH YOUR KNIFE

(If only for the sake of other people's manners)

(By E. A. Morrow)

The Language of Flowers

A SARDONIC STREET STUDY BY E. A. MORROW

Photograph *McLeish*

A BYWAY IN ALPINE SOLITUDES

The path trodden in the snow in the foreground is that taken by the guides piloting climbing parties to the summit of the Melligerhorn. Shouldering through the distant clouds is the Rothorn, a giant of nearly thirteen thousand feet. With its summit just visible, the mountain produces an effect similar to that loved of Japanese artists, "Fujiyama of the Mists." This unique photograph is taken from the summit of the Allalinhorn, where a snowstorm delayed the party

THE INFERNAL PARLIAMENT

A SATIRICAL SKETCH BY "SAKI"

IN an age when it has become increasingly difficult to accomplish anything new or original, Bavton Bidderdale interested his generation by dying of a new disease. "We always knew he would do something remarkable one of these days," observed his aunts; "he has justified our belief in him." But there is a section of humanity ever ready to refuse recognition to meritorious achievement, and a large and influential school of doctors asserted their belief that Bidderdale was not really dead. The funeral arrangements had to be held over until the matter was settled one way or the other, and the aunts went provisionally into half-mourning.

Meanwhile, Bidderdale remained in Hell as a guest pending his reception on a more regular footing. "If you are not really supposed to be dead," said the authorities of that region, "we don't want to seem in an indecent hurry to grab you. The theory that Hell is in serious need of population is a thing of the past. Why, to take your family alone, there are any number of Bidderdales on our books, as you may discover later. It is part of our system that relations should be encouraged to live together down here. From observations made in another world we have abundant evidence that it promotes the ends we have in view. However, while you are a guest we should like you to be treated with every consideration and be shown anything that specially interests you. Of course, you would like to see our Parliament?"

"Have you a Parliament in Hell?" asked Bidderdale in some surprise.

"Only quite recently. Of course, we've always had chaos, but not under Parliamentary rules. Now, however, that Parliaments are becoming the fashion, in Turkey and Persia, and I suppose before long in Afghanistan and China, it seemed rather ostentatious to stand outside the movement. That young Fiend just going by is the Member for East Brimstone; he'll be delighted to show you over the institution."

"You will just be in time to hear the opening of a debate," said the Member, as he led Bidderdale through a spacious outer lobby, decorated with frescoes representing the fall of man, the discovery of gold, the invention of playing cards, and other traditionally appropriate subjects. "The Member for Nether Furnace is proposing a motion 'that this House do arrogantly protest to the legislatures of earthly countries against the wrongful and injurious misuse of the word "fiendish," in application to purely human misdemeanours, a misuse tending to create a false and detrimental impression concerning the Infernal Regions.'"

A feature of the Parliament Chamber itself was its enormous size. The space allotted to Members was small and very sparsely occupied, but the public galleries stretched away tier on tier as far as the eye could reach, and were packed to their utmost capacity.

"There seems to be a very great public interest in the debate," exclaimed Bidderdale.

"Members are excused from attending the debates if they so desire," the Fiend proceeded to explain; "it is one of their privileges. On the other hand, constituents are compelled to listen throughout to all the speeches. After all, you must remember, we are in Hell."

Bidderdale repressed a shudder and turned his attention to the debate.

"Nothing," the Fiend-Orator was observing, "is more deplorable among the cultured races of the present day than the tendency to identify fiendhood, in the most sweeping fashion, with all manner of disreputable excesses, excesses which can only be alleged against us on the merest legendary evidence. Vices which are exclusively or predominatingly human are unblushingly described as inhuman, and, what is even more contemptible and ungenerous, as fiendish. If one investigates such statements as 'inhuman treatment of pit ponies' or 'fiendish cruelties in the Congo,' so frequently to be heard in our brother Parliaments on earth, one finds accumulative and indisputable evidence that it is the human treatment of pit ponies and Congo natives that is really in question, and that no authenticated case of fiendish agency in these atrocities can be substantiated. It is, perhaps, a minor matter for complaint," continued the orator, "that the human race frequently pays us the doubtful compliment of describing as 'devilish funny' jokes which are neither funny nor devilish."

The orator paused, and an oppressive silence reigned over the vast chamber.

"What is happening?" whispered Bidderdale.

"Five minutes Hush," explained his guide; "it is a sign that the speaker was listened to in silent approval, which is the highest mark of appreciation that can be bestowed in Pandemonium. Let's come into the smoking-room."

"Will the motion be carried?" asked Bidderdale, wondering inwardly how Sir Edward Grey would treat the protest if it reached the British Parliament; an *entente* with the Infernal Regions opened up a fascinating vista, in which the Foreign Secretary's imagination might hopelessly lose itself.

"Carried? Of course not," said the Fiend; "in the Infernal Parliament all motions are necessarily lost."

"In earthly Parliaments nowadays nearly everything is found," said Bidderdale, "including salaries and travelling expenses."

He felt that at any rate he was probably the first member of his family to make a joke in Hell. At this moment his attention was caught by an item on a loose sheet of agenda paper: "Vote on account of special Hells."

"Ah," he said, "I've often heard the expression 'there is a special Hell reserved for such-and-such a type of person.' Do tell me about them."

"I'll show you one in course of preparation," said the Fiend, leading him down a corridor. "This one is designed to accommodate one of the leading playwrights of your nation. You many observe scores of imps engaged in pasting notices of modern British plays into a huge press-cutting book, each under the name of the author, alphabetically arranged. The book will contain nearly half a million notices, I suppose, and it will form the sole literature supplied to this specially doomed individual."

Bidderdale was not altogether impressed.

"Some dramatic authors wouldn't so very much mind spending eternity poring over a book of contemporary press-cuttings," he observed.

The Fiend, laughing unpleasantly, lowered his voice.

"The letter 'S' is missing."

For the first time Bidderdale realised that he was in Hell.

SAKI

Photograph *McLeish*

EXPLORERS ON THE MORTERATSCH GLACIER

Exciting sport is provided in exploring the ice rivers in the Alpine valleys, for such as have tired of scaling the mighty giants themselves. The progress of the ice, moving only at a dignified pace of some inches each year, leaves crevasses and caverns in the glacier bed of immense depth. These are carefully hidden by the snow. If the credit of exploring a glacier is less, the danger is quite as great as in negotiating a formidable peak. Both ways are necks broken with equal facility

An Ecstatic Evening at Queen's Hall

THE FIRST PROMENADE CONCERT REVIEWED BY "JINGLE" AND NORMAN MORROW

THE Promenade Concerts at the Queen's Hall are something in the nature of a religious function. Most of the audience wear a look of emotional ecstasy, and they seem now and then to be listening to the music with a kind of joyous fear as if they were afraid that this happiness of theirs must be too good to be true, and that sooner or later they will have to pay the price for having stolen fire from Heaven. During the playing of some of the items you meet enthusiasts wandering uneasily about the corridors as if they feared to go into the hall itself lest they should be tempted to indulge unrestrainedly in the delirious excitement of the luscious music. To these people music is clearly the real thing. After watching a few of the more exaggerated types of enthusiasts, I found myself giving thanks for that the faculty of music has been denied to me.

"TANNHÄUSER"

As a spectacle the Queen's Hall Concerts do not offer very much variety. It is true that Sir Henry Wood makes a picturesque figure, and his range of variations in respect of beating time is very wide. One or two of his movements are obviously characteristic, as they are repeated with little change in regular cycles. At one time he will beat the air rapidly at short range as if he were ringing the dinner bell, and then, without a moment's warning, his arm shoots out abruptly, and it seemed to me that the nearest members of the orchestra must have their work cut out to dodge the moving *bâton*. Once I felt so certain that the bald-headed gentleman with the bass-viol would get hit that I waited for the "click!" announcing the impact. Another of the famous conductor's favourite movements is to bunch up the fingers of his left hand, when the softer music is due, and reach out in the air as if he were picking the last few notes off the end of the bar. Now and again the music is so low that it seems hardly worth beating time for, and at such moments the intense absorption of the audience is quite wonderful to behold. They lean forward with pursed lips and half-open mouths as if they were in very truth drinking in the wine of life.

SITTING OUT THE "VALSE TRISTE"

On the first night the programme opened with the National Anthem, followed by "Irish Rhapsody, No. 1," from which it would appear that His Majesty's visit to Dublin has already borne first-class fruit. I note that the Rhapsody was "in D minor," which, I take it, is a milder and more polite form of the big, big D of the amiable Captain of the *Pinafore*. The story told by the music is explained by a series of notes on the programme, partly in English and partly in Italian. I should be guilty of the sinfullest deception if I conveyed the impression that the music meant anything to me, but it was quite obviously a sheer delight to the good people around me. One lady, indeed, wiped a tear from her eye during an especially jerky part. It may be that the music aroused in her that exquisite note of joy which is so near akin to sadness, or, for all I know to the contrary, her shoes may have been too tight and causing her pain. As, however, the lady was a total stranger to me, I could not very well ask her which of these theories was the correct one.

The Pride of Musical England

AN IMPRESSION OF OUR LEADING ORCHESTRAL CONDUCTOR

SIR HENRY J. WOOD: DRAWN FROM LIFE BY HAROLD SMITH

The famous English conductor is once more entrancing his admirers at the Queen's Hall Promenade Concerts. It is a pity that this enjoyable series had to start at the height of the heat-wave, but the weather did not affect the magnitude of the audience. "Jingle's" impressions of the first concert will be found on the opposite and following pages

To judge by the attitude of the audience, I should hazard a guess that the success of the evening was scored by "Suite No. 1" from *Peer Gynt* (if it be not *lèse-majesté* to mention the word "Peer" in these times). I gathered at the start that something a little unusual was in the wind, because Sir Henry Wood got up and brushed his hair back fiercely, as if to indicate to us that this was going to be a fair stand-up fight, in which only the best man could hope to win. The first round depicts dawn on the coast of Morocco (I quote from the programme), which must be a rather ambitious scheme for an orchestra to undertake. I once tried to do the same

THE BOY— WHAT WILL HE BECOME?

thing with a box of water-colours and a No. 3 brush, and I can quite appreciate the difficulty of the task. The nice musical distinctions to be emphasised between sunrise in Morocco and sunrise in other places must tax all the resources of the most ingenious composer. Myself, I should feel quite dismal if I had written a piece of music depicting a noonday siesta in Spain, and found that it was associated in the mind of my audience with a hot afternoon in Oxford Street during the summer sales. The audience was generous in its applause throughout, but the wildest enthusiasm was reserved for the last movement of the suite, illustrating the dance of the hillside goblins. The exciting part of the dance comes when the gentleman with the big drum settles down steadily to his job, while Sir Henry Wood leans over his conducting-desk

"R·C·M" (GRADE III.)

and urges the valiant drummer on to still mightier efforts. The general impression I have of this part of the entertainment is that it resembled as much as anything the noise an express train makes when it is passing over an iron bridge while you are standing underneath.

The *finale* came with such a boom and a rattle that for the moment I felt positive that the drummer had fallen through his drum and was rolling down the steps somewhere. As soon, however, as the audience saw that both drum and drummer had actually survived this tremendous feat, they broke into a rousing cheer, and the demand for an encore was quite vociferous, in spite of a notice prominently displayed on the programme to the effect that encores could not be permitted. Sir Henry Wood bowed and bowed again, and then flung out his hands as if he absolutely disclaimed all responsibility for what had taken place. Finally the entire orchestra had to stand up and show themselves to the audience. It was a great evening, and if my Editor sent me to the Queen's Hall in the hope that I should not survive the ordeal I can only say that he sadly underrated my capacity for hardship and the strenuous life.

JINGLE

"SYMPHONIE PATHÉTIQUE" (TCHAIKOVSKI)

Better for Betty

AND BETTER FOR THE PATRONS OF DALY'S THEATRE

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS BETTY CALLISH

Who has just joined the cast of "The Count of Luxembourg" at Daly's Theatre, taking the part of Juliet

"ITALIA! O ITALIA! THOU WHO HAST THE FATAL GIFT OF BEAUTY." BYRON

The City of the Doges

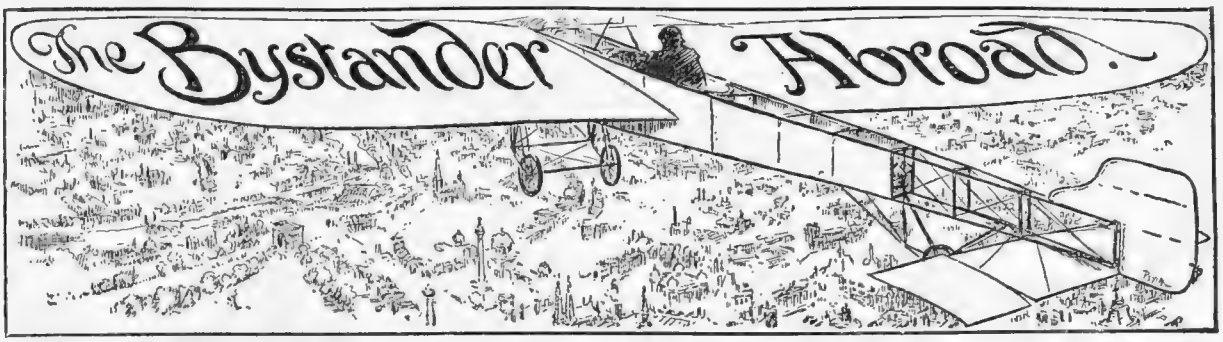
Patronised by countless gondolas, the Grand Canal winds through busy Venice, which will be at the height of its season next month

Saints Holding their Vigil over Milan

Untravelled tourists visit this busy Lombardy city solely for the Cathedral, a wonderful building of white marble in Gothic style. But those with any experience of Italian shopping make all their purchases there. Milan is actually the only shopping centre in Italy

Photographs] **Posterity's Rich Inheritance** [*R. P. Hearne*

The Rialto Bridge shares honours with the Capitol in Rome as the most famous structure in the world. It is surrounded by stately Mansions and beautiful Palaces, pregnant with history from the days when the Queen of the Adriatic was a Power among the Nations. Since steam launches have been plying for hire along the canals, the gondolier has been compelled to reduce his tariff. In the centre is a native of Venice going to market by water



DOLLARS SWAMPING THE FEUDAL CASTLE

Gibraltar Minus the Sea

After the Hapsburg Castle to which I referred last week, the next most interesting castle in Switzerland is undoubtedly Lenzburg Castle, and the fates of the two families have been so closely allied that it is impossible to write the history of one without the other; in fact, had it not been for the union of Countess Richenza of Hapsburg and Count Ulrich of Lenzburg, we should probably never have heard of the Hapsburgs as Emperors of Germany and Austria. Lenzburg Castle is a most imposing stronghold. It reminds one of Gibraltar minus the sea, and it is almost a little town in itself when you do get up there. Until the fifteenth century it was in the possession of the Archdukes of Austria, when it passed to the City of Berne. Then it was bought, some twenty years ago, by an American, Mr. A. E. Jessup.

A Castle in the Air

Hanging over the brow of a cliff, this famous Castle near Meggen will be familiar to all travellers by the Lucerne steamers. In the background is the Rigi

No Charge for Noble Lords

But that gentleman is not the present proprietor. After having restored it almost from ruins and passed several summers in this neighbourhood, he has sold it to a compatriot, who now spends *his* summers in the neighbourhood. At the time of the purchase of Lenzburg, the *English Historical Review* paid a high tribute to Mr. Jessup for the "loving care with which he restored the castle," but I personally wish it had been left in ruins or as a museum. You cannot visit the castle because the "knight of the castle" is in residence, but on certain days, by paying 50c., you can be admitted to the courtyard only. If there are "noble earls or lords," as our Transatlantic cousins call them, taking the waters at Schinznach, they do not pay the 50c. entrance, and I am told that Lord Ranfurly was not only honoured by an invitation to luncheon, but a carriage and pair was sent to fetch him.

What! No Ice

How the "knight of the castle" must, in his heart of hearts, hate being in residence in Lenzburg, and how he must pine for his modern American comforts. Feudal art may be very delightful for a week or so, but it does not include steam heat when it's cold, and unlimited ice when it's warm. There's nowhere to take the exercise which has become indispensable to this generation but the not too spacious courtyard, round which the knight and his lady walk. The lady graciously says "Good-day" to the visitors; the knight, never.

King Brown of Colorado

The greater part of the accommodation in the castle consists of dungeons and fortifications and a fine church, but the part of the castle which everyone wants to visit is the "Knight's Hall." Seeing the knight and his lady in the courtyard on the day of our visit we went boldly up to him and asked if "we could see the famous Knight's Hall." His reply was very pointedly in the negative, but the lady evidently remonstrated with him, and we obtained admission after all. It is a spacious hall, with plenty of armour carefully cleaned, a very old staircase, and many of those modern sideboards covered with modern china which are so plentiful at Maple's and Harrod's. This hall was built to celebrate the marriage of Hartman of Hapsburg and the Lady Joan Plantagenet, daughter of Edward I. of England, to whom he was engaged. Let us hope their spirits have never been tempted to haunt this old home! And so, you see, I was right when I said it gave me a feeling of sadness to see the Stars and Stripes over this historic monument. No doubt the present owner, when he has invited a sufficient number of influential noblemen to his hospitable board, will sell it and buy something else. But it's sad, I repeat. Pessimists here, who followed the Lords' crisis in England with intense interest, predict a similar fate for our ancestral homes in England. And how can the rest of us be optimistic? In a shorter time than even we can imagine, "King Brown of Colorado" will have established himself on British territory, in the best and oldest ancestral home that his dollars can buy.

The Bystander in Berlin

THE RESORTS OF THE HOLIDAY-MAKER

A Local Peculiarity

Berlin is an amazing contrast to Paris and London in the complete absence of a leisured, well-to-do class with outdoor tastes. It has no Thames, no Ranelagh or Hurlingham, no week-endy Brighton, hardly any motoring do-noughts. Its flat-races are attended by dowdy tens where the race-courses within reach of London are thronged with smart thousands. Part of this is due to Nature, part to human nature. The Mark of Brandenburg, despite infinite planting work, has not been made lovely. It recalls its old derisive description, "The Sand-box of the Holy Roman Empire;" as for leagues around there is nothing but yellow sand and dismal pine-woods, relieved by an occasional not unpicturesque lake. The moneyed idler finds Berlin intolerable, and prefers little Munich, Dresden, or even some minute Thuringian capital.

The Flyers-Out

In Berlin itself you see evidence of solid wealth; but this wealth seeks its outdoor recreation in some more attractive land. The forests and country around Berlin are unbroken Hampstead Heaths, entirely abandoned to the honest working-man and the (sometimes honest) *petite bourgeoisie*. These by the millions on Sundays and holidays resort to the *Ausflug*, the "Fly-Out," when they want to gulp their weekly air. Every lakeside is dotted with numberless restaurants, beer-gardens, and cafés, which sleep all the week, and revive only on the holiday. The Fly-Out, in fact, resolves itself into the Blow-Out. Oceans of beer, quite spacious swimming-baths of coffee, and continents of pinky *Leberwurst* are consumed. Yet in all these Berlin 'Appy 'Ampsteads there is hardly a single restaurant where you can get a decent meal. The reason is that decent meals are not wanted by the Flyers-Out.

The Kaiser Leaving the English Church at Homburg

After unveiling a memorial tablet to the late King Edward last week. The tablet was presented to the church by the citizens and British visitors of the place

Dreary Beer-Gardens

The Sunday Fly-Out throws instructive illumination on Berlin lower-class manners and psychology. After the frivolous and relatively refined French or British merry-maker, the Berliner seems coarse and dull. His dress, and even her's, is clean; he is disciplined; he drinks moderately (that is, he drinks immoderately, but his drinks are moderate); and as for hitting a policeman on the head, he never gets nearer that than wanting to. Yet the Berlin tripper makes an unpleasant impression. He has no instinct for beauty, even for meretricious beauty. The beer-gardens are all of one type—vast, dusty spaces, surrounded by dingy palings, without grass or flowers, with iron-legged tables hidden by dirty white-and-red or white-and-blue tablecloths, cloths which, though weekly mangled, are never washed, and are yellowed with countless generations of upset beer.

Coals to Newcastle

Unprepossessing as is the beer-garden, it is economically on the level of the patron. The Berliner is too thrifty to pay for the graces of life. The restaurant's sole profit in nine cases out of ten is what it makes on ten-pfennig (1½*d.*) glasses of beer. If he orders a glass, or a succession of glasses, of beer, the Berliner sticks to a table all day long. A restaurant, he holds, has no right to make profit on food. Not merely workmen, but often solid shopkeepers, bring their own dinners, consisting of sausage butterbrods, and the restaurant humbly supplies for nothing the necessary plates and knives. Some patrons even bring their coffee and sugar, and pay only a few pfennigs for hot water. This thrifty custom is dying out; but there are "locals" near Berlin with signposts, "Visitors can bring their own coffee, as well as their food."

Beer For All

Most beer-gardens have dancing-halls, for the North German is a steadfast dancer. Other exercise is frowned on; and while you cannot find a free seat in the beer-garden, five minutes away, in the picturesque forest, you will not see a soul. The workman, plus wife and family, sits all day at the same table, and orders beer impartially for his weighty *Ehefrau*, for his ten-year-old daughter, and for his two-year-old son. It is a restful way of spending a holiday, harmless except to the figure, and uncommonly protective to the exiguous pocket.

Extravagance

It is said that a Berliner once boasted that he had got rid of two marks in a beer-garden in a single day. "But that was afore I was married. We was very much in love," he commentated, "and one of the marks got through a hole in my pocket, and was lost in the lake."

"Round and Round, Like a Dance of Snow"

—Browning

The above sketches are of a terpsichorean performance of considerable originality, which is now making a tour of the Continental variety theatres. Our artist saw these dancers in Amsterdam not long ago, and felt moved to record his impressions

BY NORMAN MORROW

La Favorite de la Plage: Sketched

The sea is the passion of the hour. Everyone who can manage it is flying or has flown to the seaside, where the ozone and the smell of the salt water just make the heat-wave endurable. M. Lelong's drawing

n the Breton Coast by René Lelong

conveys the spirit of the townsfolk's desire. The trim young damsel in the foreground is truly an ideal seaside girl, and is well entitled to be described as "la favorite de la plage"

THE ISLAND OF MAKE-BELIEVE

A Colossal Joke

IF you have the faculty of enjoying a gigantic joke, you should make the journey to Marken. From Amsterdam it is not an arduous journey, steamboats sailing regularly from the quay almost direct to the village. Probably you will have been attracted by a delightful group of fishwives and a child or two, by a cluster of old-world cottages and quaint windmills.

Probably with you upon the steamer to Marken are people journeying from the far ends of the world to see these much-advertised character-studies. The throng continues year by year to increase, for the gullibility of the travelling public is almost bland and childlike in the land of the cunning Hollanders.

Upon your arrival in the harbour of Marken a surprise will await you. There, seated with studied indifference upon the quay, busily knitting socks for the whole community, is the same trio of wistful maidens you have seen on the poster. By their sides, smoking the same big cigars you have seen in the excursion programme, are the same little boys.

Sham Local Colour

But it is all a colossal joke of the Tourist Companies. The rich ornaments, the costly dresses of the maidens, the gilt and tinsel, the fine lace of their caps and dresses are all purchased by those transporting the tourist to see them.

The joke ceases when the camera-laden tourists disembark and politely ask if they may take the portraits of the fair unknown. For a price, which is strictly fixed by Trades Union rate, is upon every poll in the island, be it flaxen or Titian red. You may photograph anybody you wish, but you must pay one shilling per head for the privilege.

A Fleet Which Rests in Harbour

Lying at anchor under the quay is a fleet of stout fishing-craft. They represent the respectability and the genuineness of the island. It is another sham. The boats have long ceased to net and trawl for fish.

A Comic-Opera Fisherman

The fishers of Marken rarely venture upon the sea. They stay at home, quietly waiting to unload the purses of the tourist

Photographs *Photochrom*

Gretels and No Hans

Village maidens of Marken don their Sunday best each day of the week; for the main industry of the island is to sit for one's photograph. Of the most expensive character are the costumes, composing rich brocade, old lace, massive gold brooches, and heavy gilt ornaments

The Zuyder Zee is a commercial asset to the fisherman only on account of the tourists who sail upon it to spend their money in Marken.

Some of the boats are manned at times by the younger inhabitants of Marken; but it is not to provide the harvest of the sea for the outside world. The boats creep periodically out of the harbour, only to obtain little breakfast delicacies for the fishermen as a change of diet.

The fishing fleet is purely make-believe. The happy islanders of Marken have never any occasion to strive and delve for money. Their masquerade costumes bring them fat purses without other work than to wear them.

All day long the stout, comfortable owners of the craft sit in front of their cottages in nice blue jerseys, wearing canvas caps and trousers, which are rainbowed in picturesque patches. They grunt and spit, and smoke long Dutch pipes, and are doubtless the happiest of mortals. For years the Tourist Companies have fed and fathered and clothed them, have repaired their cottages, and done everything to make them satisfied with their lot. And for years meek visitors

have paid their shilling "sittings," have consumed ginger-beer at claret prices, and have "tipped" and spoiled them. The Islanders of Marken have every reason to be the happiest of mortals.

An Artistic Myth

It was all the fault of the late Tom Browne in the beginning. He taught people to believe that there really existed such scenes and such pictures as are depicted in his drawings. When you eventually get to the Hague and to Amsterdam there is usually the keenest disappointment awaiting you. For you meet no Dutch worth the name. The majority of the people promenade the streets in cheap tweeds and fustians no different from what are seen in any English or Continental town. Patched trousers of capacious tailoring and peak caps are affected by loungers and market-boys, but costumes such as you have been led to expect are nowhere to be seen. The average Dutchman is ashamed of the comic-opera costume worn by his brethren, and declares that it brings ignominy on the whole nation.

Time, Tide, and Tiffin

Dutch boys of Marken taking a postprandial stroll. Walks on the island are limited by time and tide. For Marken is so small that one is in imminent danger of stepping into the water every few minutes. Framing the canal at the back of the picture is the Groote Kerkbuurt

Nevertheless, there is the visitor to be considered. The Tourist Companies recognise that he must not be brought vainly to Holland. With keen business instinct they perceive that villages where the old dress of the country is still worn must be fathered and fostered at any cost. Thus do Marken and such communities exist, spoiled and poisoned by over-prosperity, the once simple villagers having become fat, lazy, and dissolute. Thus does the colossal sham go on, year after year.

MALCOLM TREACHER

Photographs] **Ramshackle Dutch Cottages at Marken** [*Photochrom*

Prudence rules the waves in Dutchland, they being in most parts prudently denied entrance. A continual fear existing that the waters will one day burst their bonds, most of the cottages along the sea-line are inexpensively constructed from designs by Meinheer Jerry Builder, of international fame. Thus if the eternal battle between man and nature were ever won by the latter, the conquest would be a vain and empty one

The Meeting of the Lips of the Sand and the Sea

Photograph SURF BREAKING ON THE YELLOW SHORE OFF THE NESS AT LOWESTOFT *E. Staniland Pugh*

Blanche-Marie

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

LOVE AT St YVONNE

By MARGARET BUTLER

Marie-Blanche

LET us call the place St. Yvonne, and our *dramatis personæ* by assumed names. Then a very pleasant gentleman, if he recognises himself, cannot be offended.

The English Channel washes a very yellow beach at St. Yvonne. On its even slope are many red and blue striped tents, whereupon fascinating *demoiselles* emerge when the sun has warmed the sea at noon. Above the sand is a white road edged with dusty, but rather lovable, herbage. Beyond the road, shyly overlooking wild gardens, are a few sea-stained villas.

In one of these villas lived Bernard Edward Britten and his telescope. He dwelt for the most part at the first floor window, and people would say that he was a retired Big Englander, who had been frightened out of his native country by a Radical Government. It was not true that his blue left eye searched the seas through the telescopic lenses for traces of Britain's dwindling sea power, but the young French journalist who was spending a happy fortnight at St. Yvonne delighted in telling giggling acquaintances that this was the secret of the silent man's abstraction.

The slim, little ladies who bathed under the ægis of his spy-glass pretended that he was watching for a long-awaited love, that his eye rested eternally on the horizon for the first glimpse of mast or smoke-stack that would indicate the approach of his darling's galley.

"Does the P. and O. bear you to me-ward,
Or, clad in short frocks in the West,
Are you growing the charms that will torture
And capture the heart in my breast?"

But, alas, it was not so.

Bernard Edward Britten had been married, and, must I add, disappointed. His wife died very soon, but he had lost in a few years the capacity for enjoyment, and he left England to eat shell-fish and indifferent beef on the Breton coast. He loved not man; "no, nor woman neither," and very much wanted to be left alone to recover his reason. Every evening he wrote his diary, and on Friday afternoons he would work in a literary way on a book, untitled, that ridiculed the Beatitudes. The first sentence of this volume ran: "Women look best in green, with a marble slab at the head and a glass case of artificial flowers on the chest."

What does it matter what his age was? His skin was smooth and white. His figure was large, but not so aggressively as the pictures commissioned by city corporations and exhibited in the Academy. He wore blue suits loosely, and his linen was as white as a clever chorus girl's teeth. He walked with a slight stoop, and spoke with an agreeable chuckle in his voice. His landlady loved him, though of her he once wrote in his book: "There are women who, at Gabriel's roll-call, will be utterly unable to remember whether they should be wearing pyjamas or nightdresses." But in his heart, be it said, he had all the splendid benevolence of the disappointed and deceived.

Into the circle covered by his telescope there one morning crept a figure in red and white. He watched it with idle curiosity at first, and noticed that it was joined by a figure in blue. Presently something tempted him to focus his glass on the figures. He sat and watched them for some time; at any rate, until the figures had returned to their bathing cabins. His impression had better be taken from his diary:

"To-day woman again invaded my peace of mind. I pray Heaven that I may escape; but, alas! it is a judgment court with no sympathy for the bachelor and no mercy for the widower, whether grass or hay.

"Woman, this time, is plural—or dual, to be grammatically correct. Both are slim, dark, and alike in the cast of feature that dissipates reason. They were in bathing clothes, which, on this shore, consists of a cap, a belted tunic, long silk stockings, and little shoes. They must be very young. They entered the water hand-in-hand, and became immersed to the height of their belts. At this depth they disported themselves for some time, returning to their cabins half wet and half dry. They have affected me, and the knowledge is pleasantly unendurable. I have not yet risen superior to the mawkish lunacy of youth."

When the red and white figure and the blue figure emerged from their cabin they were discovered in white lace frocks, white shoes and stockings, and wide straw hats. They were, indeed, pictures of girlish charm, the piquant set of their mouths, which told of some experience of the world, adding something to the fascination of their appearance.

When they reached the white road, a big, loosely clothed gentleman, with a slight stoop, and carrying a telescope, approached them.

"A very pleasant morning, ladies," remarked the amiable stranger as he drew alongside.

"But, yes, M'sieur," said the little ladies shyly, but not pausing.

Mr. Britten walked steadily on, not thinking of turning his head, though he experienced a slight twinge of disappointment. Soon he was aware of a light step behind him.

"Would M'sieur let us look through his telescope?" inquired a pretty voice at his elbow.

It was, of course, M'sieur's privilege. And a great business did he make of it. The little ladies were to be shown how to hold the long instrument, and how to focus it. It must be explained that when holding the telescope to the right eye it is the left eye and not

(All rights strictly reserved)

the right that should be closed. Such a handling of plump arms and such a supporting of round elbows! Monsieur Britten was a gallant cavalier indeed.

And when they had searched the horizon, and the sky above the cliffs to east and west, it was with much regret on both sides that the telescope was again tucked under Mr. Britten's arm. But the little ladies must hasten to lunch. Would they not tell him their names? His was Britten—Bernard Edward Britten—and he produced a large card.

"And mine is Marie-Blanche," said one.

"And mine is Blanche-Marie," said the other.

Mr. Britten took off his hat and bowed. Marie-Blanche and Blanche-Marie linked arms and skipped away laughingly, showing neat, little, white teeth.

Mr. Britten stood and watched them out of sight.

The portion of the diary written that evening was very expressive.

"They are on my trail again. To-day I have found the old terrible infatuation in their companionship. They have sought, and they will devour. I feel myself half-way up the aisle that leads to the altar and the unalterable. And yet it is tremendously sure that they are pretty. They are also young and should be mouldable. To which should I devote myself if that dread course is inevitable—Marie-Blanche or Blanche-Marie?"

He did not meet the two belles of St. Yvonne again till the following morning. Again they came to bathe.

He waved his hand to them as they entered their cabin, and sat himself as decorously as possible on a sand heap.

There was a puff of fresh wind about, and the air was by no means as warm as is desirable for bathing. Mr. Britten wondered if the bobbing of yesterday would be eclipsed by any bolder performance to-day.

The two girls, clad as before, stepped shiveringly from their cabin and stood for a moment, looking first at the now receding tide and then at Mr. Britten. They did not hesitate long, but almost ran over the dusty sand to his side.

"Why do you not bathe, M'sieur?" inquired Marie-Blanche and Blanche-Marie simultaneously.

"My dear young ladies, I was at the moment wondering why you had deserted even momentarily the alluring shallows for my dull company. If you come to me instead of going to the sea, surely that is good reason why I do not bathe."

The two girls looked at each other and laughed as the gamin laughs. They then threw themselves down at the edge of Mr. Britten's sand-heap.

"Perhaps we will be content with a sand-bath to-day," said Marie-Blanche.

The fates were assuredly against Mr. Britten. It is cruel to seat a misogynist on a sand-heap, fringed by silk-clad mermaids. His mental suffering is necessarily acute unless he temporarily abandons his principles.

Mr. Britten looked at his companions more closely. He was a little startled when he realised that to-day they wore no caps, and that their hair hung loosely around their shoulders. They had obviously no intention of going into the water this time.

Meanwhile St. Yvonne looked on and wondered. The big Englishman had started late certainly, but he had taken a very decided plunge at last. In fact, one hotel-keeper went so far as to say that it was high time something of the sort happened, or St. Yvonne would never attain any of those characteristics which attracted the wealthy tourist. All of which showed that Mr. Britten was grossly misunderstood.

He was soon chatting easily with his pretty friends. They were sisters, they said, and *midinettes* from Paris, as he had guessed. They had never been to St. Yvonne before. They liked it; but it was very expensive.

Expensive! Mr. Britten's heart, to which he always referred in his untitled volume as "the sex-spy," leapt. Money was nothing to him.

They again asked for his telescope, and insisted on sitting quite close to him, so that once the hair of Blanche-Marie was blown all over his face. Never was a man more surely netted.

They kicked off their shoes and stockings and buried their feet in the sand. Blanche-Marie, indeed, once rested her head on Mr. Britten's arm with a little sigh. . . He invited them to motor with him to the nearest abbey.

Were Mr. Britten's diary less discreet we should know more of that day and the days that followed, but this extract gives a fair idea of his attachment to the ingratiating little ladies from Paris.

"When a man is in the constant society of young women who—whatever may be the real nature of his regard for them, or one of them—insist upon treating him as a generous and somewhat pitiable parent, it is decidedly difficult for him to progress beyond a passive admiration that has the effect of making him feel like a superannuated Don Juan. I am, to be quite frank with myself, prepared to marry Marie-Blanche. I am content to be captured by Blanche-Marie. But can my honourable intentions be reciprocated, or even respected, by girls who constantly address me as '*dear* papa.' I will go out and smoke a pipe of appeal to the skies."

A few days later this passage occurs:

"To-day, while Marie-Blanche sought shrimps in the shallows, I kissed Blanche-Marie. The girl was asleep. If she had known that I kissed her I hope she would have asked, 'Do you kiss me because you love me, Bernard?' And I should have said: 'I surrender to you Blanche-Marie. I kissed you because I love you.' And then I hope she would have said: 'I am glad you kissed me, because I love you.' And then I should have kissed her hand and held it. And we should have told Marie-Blanche when she returned, bare-footed, with the shrimps. And Marie-Blanche would have kissed her sister with just a tremor of disappointment. And I should have carried the shrimps home to their lodgings. But it was not to be. Blanche-Marie slept through the kiss, and I did not attempt to kiss her twice. But one thing is settled. Having kissed Blanche-Marie in her sleep, she must have the first right to refuse me. I have committed myself to one, and that is something of a relief."

Mr. Britten's opportunity to approach the young lady of his choice arrived earlier than he expected it. One morning Blanche-Marie come down alone to bathe. Marie-Blanche had a headache.

"It will be lonely for you to bathe without your sister," commented Mr. Britten. "Let us walk along the sands."

They walked away, the big Englishman with the little lace-frocked Parisienne at his elbow. St. Yvonne

(Continued on page 398)

When London Empties

Cat (who hasn't seen anybody for a fortnight): "S'elp me, a bloomin' invasion!"

(Continued from page 390)

wagged its head and said, "This, then, is the one he has chosen. The other has deserted them in disgust."

Meanwhile Mr. Britten was talking very tenderly to Blanche-Marie, and, though he did not know it, Blanche-Marie felt very uncomfortable.

When a man sets out to talk tenderly, he always speaks about himself. He becomes quite wistful over his own personality, pathetic about his past, and vaguely sentimental about his future.

"You must know, Blanche-Marie," said Mr. Britten, when they had found a secluded corner amongst the rocks, "that I am a widower. I married a woman with whom I was unhappy, in—tensely unhappy."

"Poor Pap—M'sieur."

"When I look back on the past I am inclined to wonder how it is I found compensation to enable me to endure what I suffered."

"M'sieur was very patient, I am sure, with the lady."

"I gave her her way, Blanche-Marie. Perhaps I should not have done that. But a woman's wish is for me impossible to refuse."

"You are always most kind. You must always have been so."

"No, you are wrong there. My wife's cruelties—there is no other word for them—turned me against women. For years I have hated their society, avoided them like the plague. I vowed that I would kill myself if ever again I found myself in danger of marriage. I have, in short, devoted years to hating women."

"It is so difficult to believe."

"It is beautiful to hear you say that. You, Blanche-Marie, do not regard me with aversion then. And yet I deserve it."

"You are much to be pitied, dear Papa."

"Do not call me that, Blanche-Marie. Could I not stand in less fictitious relationship towards you."

"M'sieur, you can be my uncle." She said it as if it were the happiest of ideas.

"Listen, Blanche-Marie, you and your sis—I mean you, and you only, have taught me the foolishness of my years of bitterness. I realise the sweetness of woman now, her necessity, her precious worth."

"I am glad—for you."

"I love you."

"And so do we love you, Papa." She said it very prettily, with a round mouth and round eyes.

"We? I want you to love me only, Blanche-Marie. I want you to marry me."

"M'sieur, you are joking." The smile had gone from her face.

"I mean it. Will you be my wife?"

The girl gazed at him in amazement. Her lips were parted, and there was a foolish expression in her face.

Mr. Britten took her hand. She snatched it away, almost fearfully.

"Do not. It is not possible."

"Not possible!"

"No! No! No! Not possible."

"Then," said Mr. Britten, solemnly and slowly, utterly unconscious that he was speaking his thoughts aloud, "I shall have to approach her sister."

Blanche-Marie suddenly giggled. She coughed over it and jumped from her seat.

"I must go home to my sister, M'sieur," she explained, and ran away along the sands. Mr. Britten did not attempt to follow her, but sat frowning at the horizon.

Two days passed before Mr. Britten saw Marie-Blanche alone at the girls' lodgings. This time Blanche-Marie had a headache and was lying down. They were returning to Paris on the morrow, so that Mr. Britten had been forced to call uninvited.

"You must know, Marie-Blanche," said Mr. Britten, as soon as they were comfortably seated in the sitting-room, "that I am a widower. I married a woman with whom I was unhappy, in—tensely unhappy!"

"How sad, Pap—M'sieur!"

"When I look back on the past——"

"Won't you take some refreshment, Papa?"

"Nothing, thank you. I am inclined to wonder how it is that I found compensation——"

"Forgive me, but I am sure I hear my sister calling."

"Marie-Blanche, let her call for a while. I wish to tell you that I love you; I want you to be my wife."

"O—O—Oh, Papa!"

"Don't call me that. It is horrible. Marie-Blanche, Marie-Blanche, say that you love me."

"We both love you, Papa."

"Will you be my wife?"

"Oh, M'sieur, no. It is not possible."

"Not possible!"

"Let me go. She is calling. *Au revoir!*" She blew him a kiss and ran from the room, laughing.

Mr. Britten gathered up his hat and returned to his rooms, where he sat for some time before his diary, chewing the end of his pen.

Then he wrote:

"Am I too old? O bathos! O shame eternal, if that be true. Have I, who steeled myself for so many years against woman's wiles, surrendered in the end only when it is too late to surrender?"

And the sad part of the story is that it was so.

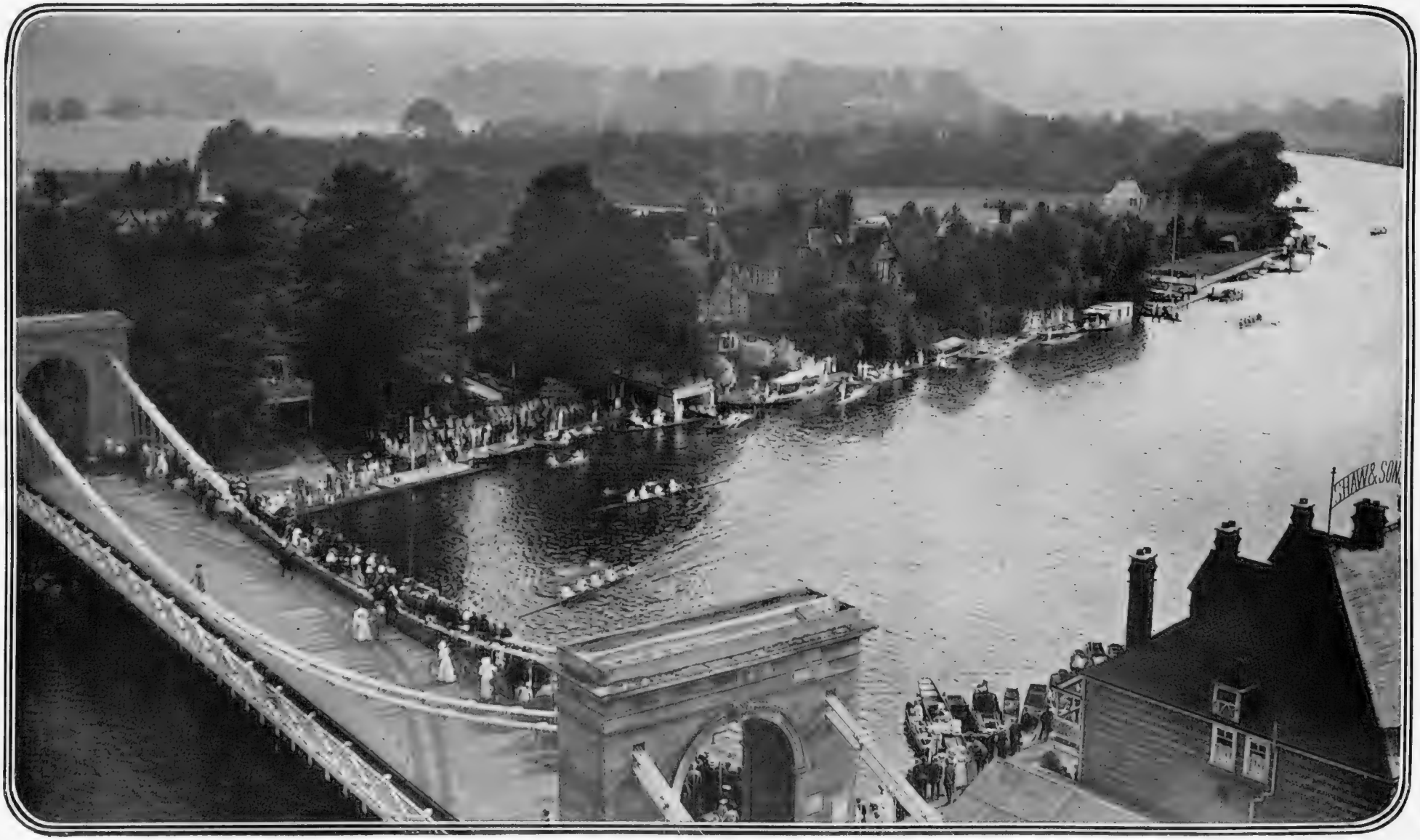
MARGARET BUTLER

Photograph *Francis Ellis*

"AWAY TO THE WEST AS THE SUN WENT DOWN"

Cornish fishers of Newlyn sailing to the fishing grounds to glean the harvest of the sea. The Royal Duchy of Cornwall possesses an ideal coast for the sea angler, mullet giant congers, pilchards, herrings, and most varieties of fish being found in great quantities

The Regatta Season: Marlow's Merry Week-End Meeting



Marlow Regatta, the last of the season for "best boats," was held under superb conditions of weather, and a very gay crowd assembled on the banks of the river. Although there was no lack of entries there was much lack of skill in oarsmanship, no doubt owing to the fact that most of the boats were manned with "break-up" crews. But if this somewhat spoilt the rowing, it at any rate added to the fun. For at this season of the year great numbers of rowing men go into camp with the Territorials and crews are difficult to muster. The leading boat above is the Marlow R.C., which proved an easy winner in the Junior-Senior Fours Challenge Cup

Famous Rowing Clubs at Home

No. 10 The Clydesdale

Written and Illustrated by Leonard Willoughby

The Clydesdale Boat-house

NIGHT travelling by the London and North Western Railway has certainly reached a degree of luxury which makes the journey to Scotland by this system undoubtedly the one to be selected by all who desire comfort and saving of time. I certainly found it to be so when I visited Scotland's premier rowing club. The Clydesdale R.C., which in 1907 celebrated its jubilee, has a notable history and record of achievements in its archives since Mr. J. H. Roger founded it in 1857. Himself a well-known rowing man in Scotland, he has had a continuous connection with the Club ever since, and to-day is its honoured and popular Hon. President. The Club in its early days, and for many years, was very successful, competing and winning at St. Andrews, the Tyne, Dumbarton, Belfast, Lake of Menteith, Chester, Loch Lomond, Kingstown, and many other places. In addition they have won the Championship Cup at the Scottish National Regatta, in which English and Irish crews were defeated. The Club also from 1895 to 1899 possessed a famous four in D. Young, T. Burnside, J. Hercus, and G.

Mr. J. H. Roger (left), who Founded the Club Over Half a Century Ago

Officers, Members, and Friends at the Club-house, Glasgow Green

Simpson, who won the title of Champions of Scotland for four years. Two of this crew, Burnside and Hercus, carried off the Pair-Oared Challenge Cup Championship in 1895, 1897, 1898, 1902, while in sculling J. Hercus won the Championship in 1897 and 1898. The following Championships are also to the Club's credit: Scottish

Mr. A. B. Cameron, ex-Champion Sculler of Scotland

A Famous Old Senior Crew
G. Simpson (Stroke), J. Hercus, T. Burnside, D. F. Young

A Maiden Four Bringing Out Their Boat

A "Jolly" Boat
A type of craft which wobbles considerably if not fully understood

Maiden Pair, 1906; Scottish Sculling, 1906-1910; Scottish Senior Fours, 1909; Scottish Senior Pairs, 1908. The membership to-day is only about sixty, of which more than half are rowing members. The President, Mr. James L. Wells, for twelve years a rowing member, now coaches, and works in the most exemplary way by his energy, influence, and personality for the good of the Club. Mr. W. K. Green, the Captain, is a useful oar, and has put in good work, while the Hon. Sec., Mr. A. Mellor, is also very energetic and a good oarsman, having done most of his work on the Thames. The Hon. Treasurer, Mr. J. K. Smith, is also a good oarsman. The club-house, built in 1905, is at Glasgow Green, in the City, and was built by the Corporation, and is leased to the Club. It is in every way a useful, commodious, and substantial building. The course is scarcely picturesque, but the oarsmen of the Clydesdale are keen enough on their sport not to worry about their environment.

Evening Practice: Clydesdale Oarsmen Waiting for the Coach

The Neophyte

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY MALCOLM ARBUTHNOT

The Literary Log

Rolled by Ralph Straus

Forecasts

To write accurately about the future is almost as difficult as to write accurately about the past. There may be less fear of contradiction, but the facts are considerably harder to verify. Yet from early times this unknown and mysterious future has exercised a fascination over many minds, and it is now possible to collect a considerable library of prophetic books. Some of these forecasts, which are to be distinguished from the Utopias, are political, others scientific, others again merely fantastic. So you have stories of large-headed men with mathematical brains, or of humanised lobsters, or of wonderful machines which are able to overthrow the men who have made them. You may read of huge wars and of social upheavals, of inter-planetary communication, and even of the total destruction of the earth. The prophets, indeed, have robbed the sun of his heat, or frozen us to death, or made us collide with a comet; they have annihilated us times without number. In former days, however, they were rather more careful. They could not conceive a modern ironclad or the telephone or the internal-combustion engine or radium. They could not, or dared not, imagine much change in the Constitution. There is a delightful little book, published in 1761, called *The Reign of George VI.*, 1900—1925. It is typical of these early forecasts. Our King in person, we read, set sail from Dover (somewhere about this present year of grace) with fifty-five ships of the line and twenty-two frigates, and soundly thrashed the French and their Russian allies. And it is interesting to learn that the Duke of Bedford, and not Mr. McKenna, was First Lord of the Admiralty on this momentous occasion. This, I believe, was the second book of its kind issued in England, and it paved the way for that series of invasion scares which, beginning in the Napoleonic era, continued in rather a tiresome procession throughout the last century. You had that famous *Battle of Dorking* in 1871, and the new Waterloos and the Great War of such-and-such a year, and presumably you were to take warning and erect Martello Towers, or something equally fatuous, along every mile of the coast.

"A Bacchante"

A bronze statuette by Charles Sykes, which was exhibited in the Paris Salon and London Academy. It very deservedly found an immediate purchaser at the latter exhibition

A Catholic Dream

But it is only in recent years that we have seen the appearance of the really intelligent anticipatory essay, treated in a scientific way. Mr. Wells's books stand almost by themselves, but he is not alone as a modern and clear-sighted prophet. A year or two ago Monsignor Benson wrote a surprising novel called *Lord of the World*, in which, to use his own words, he "attempted to sketch the kind of developments a hundred years hence which . . . might reasonably be expected if the present lines of what is called 'modern thought' were only prolonged far enough." In this book, the Papacy fell, Freemasonry triumphed, an "age of reason" was born, and democracy reigned supreme. And Monsignor Benson, who is a distinguished novelist, had a first-rate story to tell. Now he has written a companion volume under the title of *The Dawn of All* (Hutchinson: 6*s.*), for a reason which he states in a preface. "I was informed repeatedly," he says, speaking of his first attempt at prophecy, "that the effect of the book was exceedingly depressing and discouraging to optimistic Christians." Consequently, in *The Dawn of All* he has sketched out "the kind of developments about sixty years hence which . . . may reasonably be expected should the opposite process begin, and ancient thought . . . be prolonged instead." And so there is a picture of the world once again Catholic, as seen by an Agnostic of to-day in a death-bed vision. He has refused the services of a priest, though he had once been in Orders himself, and he wakes up in 1973 to find he has become Monsignor Masterman, Secretary to Cardinal Bellairs. The world is once more Catholic. At first you are startled, and even contemptuous, at some of the author's ideas, yet a little consideration will make you understand how logically they follow upon the premises set forth in the preface. The Pope is once more a power, his Court is filled with Royal

Princes, the old Monarchies have been restored, the conflict raging to-day between science and religion is not only ended, but beyond the general understanding. And so broad-minded is Monsignor Benson that he does not hesitate to suggest a modified form of the Inquisition. His story turns upon the conversion of the German Emperor, and the State-adoption of Roman Catholicism in this country. The man who dreams becomes a Cardinal, and looks down upon the triumphal "Progress of the new Arbiter of the World." This is a wonderful scene. Then he wakes, and calls for a priest. *The Dawn of All* lacks, perhaps, the fine story of the other book, but it is a splendidly sincere piece of work.

Also Joan

Joan is a delightful person. She is rather ugly and freckled, and independent and loyal. In the days of their poverty, her elder sister, Olivia, has been induced by Jasper Harrop, the music-master of a small country school, to run away with him to London to be married. News that her brother has succeeded to wealth and an earldom reaches her at the moment when she arrives with Harrop in a Pimlico lodging-house. She finds that she has come with him only to escape the wretchedly cramped existence at a school. Joan has followed the pair, and when Harrop, in his theatrical way, attempts to commit suicide, she calls in Sir John Chester, the fashionable physician. Olivia is allowed to remain unseen, and the doctor naturally draws his own conclusions. Later, when he and Joan meet under changed conditions, much has to intervene before he understands the truth. Harrop appears again in the rôle of a religious humbug, adopted by Society ladies, and blackmails the sisters; but whilst Olivia is afraid Joan gives him battle. She is made of stern stuff, and when Harrop ultimately marries a silly Duchess and goes to New York, she has her reward. Such is the barest outline of Lilian Arnold's new novel, *Also Joan* (John Long: 6*s*.). It is a pleasant story, with unusual scenes, well written, and full of shrewd observations.

The Giant

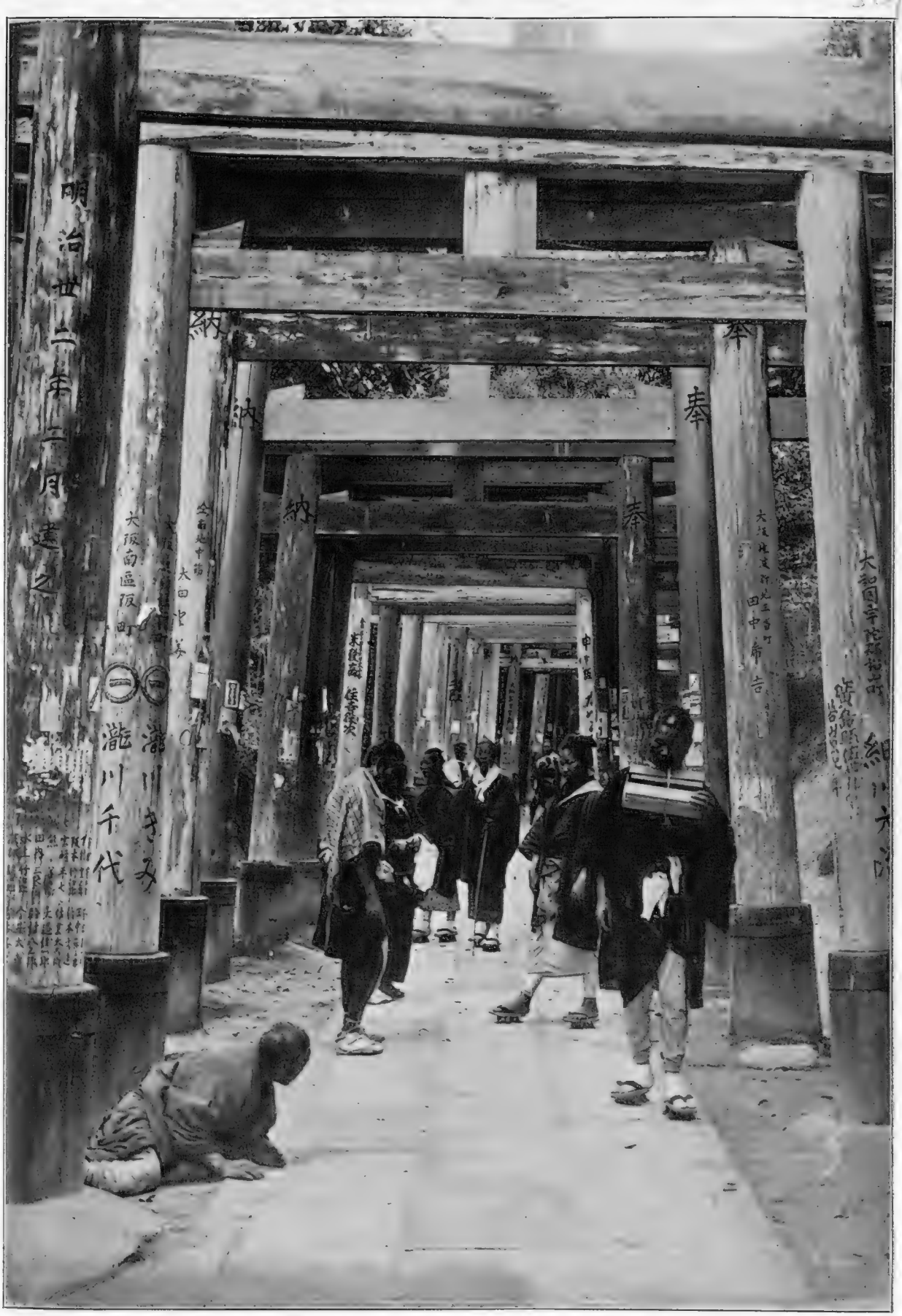
What a splendid idea—to write the biography of one of those unlucky (or lucky) creatures who tower over our shoulders and have shoulder-of-mutton hands and cover the posters with their portraits! Mr. Alfred Tennyson has taken such a subject for his first novel, *A Portentous History* (Heinemann: 6*s*.). His giant is a poor Scottish lad, Jim Macdonald, the butt of his village, for ever misunderstood, bullied and goaded by everyone but his mother. He is shamefully clothed, and hated by Jessie, and despised by Johnny McLure, the clever boy of the place. But there come moments when he sees the Red Mist, and then he is conscious of his strength, and does terrible things. Yet always is he punished, whether it is because he smashes the schoolmaster's nose or saves Jessie's life by wounding a bull. In the end he goes nearly mad, rampages the valley, and is found half dead on the road. There has come, however, to his village "The Tickler," a Barnumesque person who travels with his Nietzsche, and thinks in broad sweeps; and the bewildered Jim is measured forthwith for wonderful clothes and carried out into the world, where his eight feet of muscle and brawn are to delight the children (and grown-ups) of all nations. The life at Tuchan is admirably described, and Mr. Tennyson has plenty to say in the Shandean manner; but the last page of his book is surely no more than the end of a prologue! Jim is barely eighteen at the time. True, he is no longer *gigantulus* but *gigas*, but is that enough? What happens thereafter? Some day, perhaps, we shall learn—or see for ourselves.

RALPH STRAUS

TRAVELLING DE LUXE IN SYRIA

The Pilgrims travelling on the Damascus Railway are among the poorest of travellers. They carry oil-stoves and saucepans as part of their personal baggage, and prepare their meals en route. Here are seen passengers purchasing vegetables at a rural station

The Mystery of the Temple of Inari



A REMARKABLE AVENUE TO A JAPANESE SHRINE

Curious flat-topped wooden archways span the approaches to each Shrine of the Temple of Inari. Their origin is unknown even to the inscrutable yellow man. That they were built two centuries before Buddhism flourished in Japan is all that the modern mystic can learn. The most plausible theory is that these torii were originally erected as perches for the sacred birds, which were supposed to fly to Heaven with the prayers of the Faithful

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

THE AMATEUR DEFINITION: By ERNEST LEHMANN

A Difficult Problem

No question has been the cause of greater searchings of heart and difficulty than the definition of an amateur in the various sports and games which formerly were the sole possession of the British youth, but which now are shared with him by the youth of almost all nations. A certain impetus has been added to the consideration of the subject by the modern revival of the Olympic games. This has led to the somewhat Utopian idea of the possibility of a definition which shall be universal and uniform. Judging by the difficulty experienced by each separate governing body in laying down a satisfactory definition for its adherents, it is open to grave doubt whether the universal definition, a sort of wide-spreading umbrella to cover all sorts and conditions of men, is either feasible or desirable. Personally, I think that each branch of sport must decide the question on its merits, although this method has the drawback of making an amateur by one particular definition who by another ruling would be considered a professional.

The East London Golf Club (South Africa)
The fourth (or Drop) hole and the fifth tee; the fifth hole is on the brow of the hill

The New Definition in Golf

The lawn tennis world is still in the throes of the struggle, and, so far, no definite decision has been reached on the rather intricate and somewhat confused rules submitted for consideration by the Lawn Tennis Association. Happily, I am not concerned with this delicate matter, which my colleague in that branch of sport will, no doubt, deal with when the subject comes up for final consideration. So far as golf is concerned, the rulers have given their decision, and golfers are now governed by a brand new definition, which was passed by the delegates of the twenty-four clubs governing the Amateur Championship at their meeting at Prestwick on the occasion of the Amateur Championship. As a matter of record, I had better quote the definition textually. It runs as follows: "An amateur is one who, after attaining the age of sixteen years, has (*a*) never carried clubs for hire; (*b*) never received any consideration, directly or indirectly, for playing or for teaching the game; (*c*) never played for a money prize in any competition. No amateur may, without forfeiting his status, receive, directly or indirectly, from the promoter of any match or tournament any consideration for playing in such match or tournament."

"Indirectly"

The framers of this definition have spread their net as widely as possible, and have made the meshes as small as they could. On reading it carefully and analysing it one wonders whether there exists any longer such a being as an amateur golfer. The word "indirectly" in section (*b*) "gives furiously to think," as the French say. Can anyone who has written a book of instructions on golf, such as the "Badminton," for example, and who has, quite rightly and properly, been paid for his work, be any longer considered an amateur under a logical interpretation of this new definition? A great deal depends, of course, on the manner in which this definition is interpreted. But the mere fact that one has to write in such terms about a definition proves that it is badly worded.

Is a Definition Wanted?

I am convinced that in a satisfactory definition no such word as "indirectly" ought to find a place. The moment such a word is included the definition becomes a sort of Aunt Sally, at which everybody has a throw. Generally it means that one man may lead the horse out of the field while another may not look at it over the hedge. A notorious case of this sort occurred when a player who was considered a good enough amateur to compete for the Amateur Championship was not chosen for the Coronation Match, although under this new definition, or, indeed, the previous one, his status was, and is, as good as any other player's. But with such a word as "indirectly" anyone can be barred, however innocent he may be. Really, I do not believe any definition was needed at all in golf. Clubs and the governing bodies of great competitions were quite able to separate the two classes without any definition whatever.

The Mecca of North-Country Wrestling

ATHLETIC SPORTS AT GRASMERE

Lord Lonsdale Watching the Wrestling

The Final of the Light-Weight Wrestling: J. Davies (Tavraby) beats W. Robinson (Carlisle)

A General View of the Arena, with the Competitors in the Eliminating Bouts of the Light-Weight Wrestling (9st. to 11st.) in the Foreground

The Guides' Race: Competitors Scaling a Rough Wall in Order to Gain the Road. The Winner, J. R. Fleming, is in "All Black" Costume

The Start of the 220 Yards Race: The Winner, F. S. Birkett, Jumps Away with the Lead

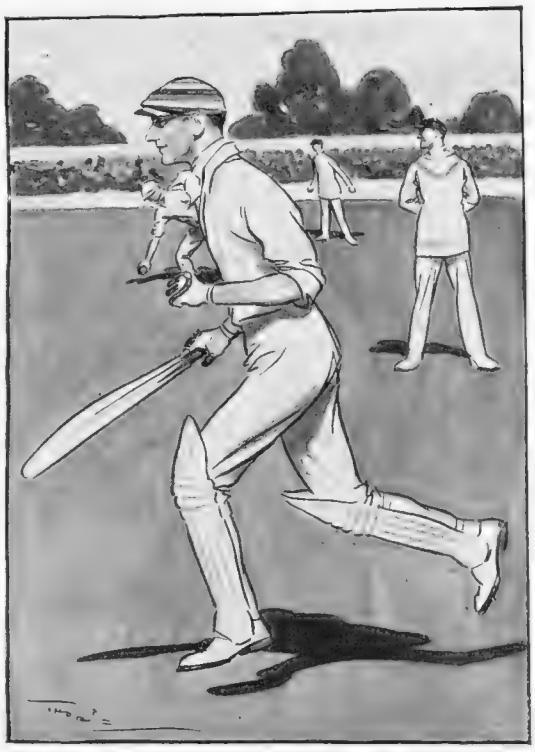
The annual gathering of wrestlers and runners at Grasmere is one of the chief sporting events of the year in the North. It was held under perfect conditions on Thursday last

The Cricket Strike That Failed

MR. C. B. FRY'S MANIFESTO AND WHAT CAME OF IT

The Good Ship "Mercury"

In spite of alarms and excursions of quite a novel and wholly amusing type, Mr. C. B. Fry is, after all, not going to Australia as Captain of the M.C.C. team. And now that the momentous announcement has been duly made, most of us are asking ourselves whether we ever seriously expected that he would. Unlike the ordinary amateur who, when asked to go on an expedition of this kind, either accepts or refuses, Mr. Fry took it for granted that his captaincy was such an eminently necessary and desirable thing that he could afford to follow the prevailing fashion and go on strike. Accordingly he struck, and his "demands"—I believe this is the correct strike term—were £5,000 down, though, of course, he did not put it quite in that abrupt way. The money was needed not for himself, but for the training ship *Mercury* of which he is the honorary manager, and the maintenance of which is the object of his life's work. If he went to Australia the *Mercury* would suffer owing to the absence of her manager and most influential subscription collector, if he stayed at home, the M.C.C. would lose the services of the one man who was marked down as captain of its team. Here, indeed, was a dilemma admirably adapted to the purposes of a strike. The *Field*, ordinarily a level-headed and far-seeing publication, was so impressed with the gravity of the situation, that it constituted itself the organ of the striker, and took, to use its own words, "the unusual course of soliciting and undertaking the collection of funds for an object, or rather two objects, of national importance," *i.e.*, the sending of Mr. Fry to Australia, and the maintenance in his absence of the good ship *Mercury*. Now the *Mercury* is a fine institution, and Mr. Fry is a fine captain. But when you are asked to contribute to the funds of the *Mercury* in order that Mr. Fry may go to Australia as Captain of the M.C.C. team, you don't quite know where you are, do you? Which of the two "deserving cases" are you really supporting? The *Field* says triumphantly "Both!"—which is, of course, no answer at all.



Mr. I. P. F. Campbell: Sketched by Thorpe

Rapid promotion has attended the career of this brilliant young cricketer. Gaining his Blue as a freshman at Oxford, he was chosen after the 'Varsity match to play for the Gentlemen both at the Oval and Lord's, and is now one of the mainstays of the Surrey team. He played a fine innings of 88 recently against Leicestershire. He is also a smart cover-point

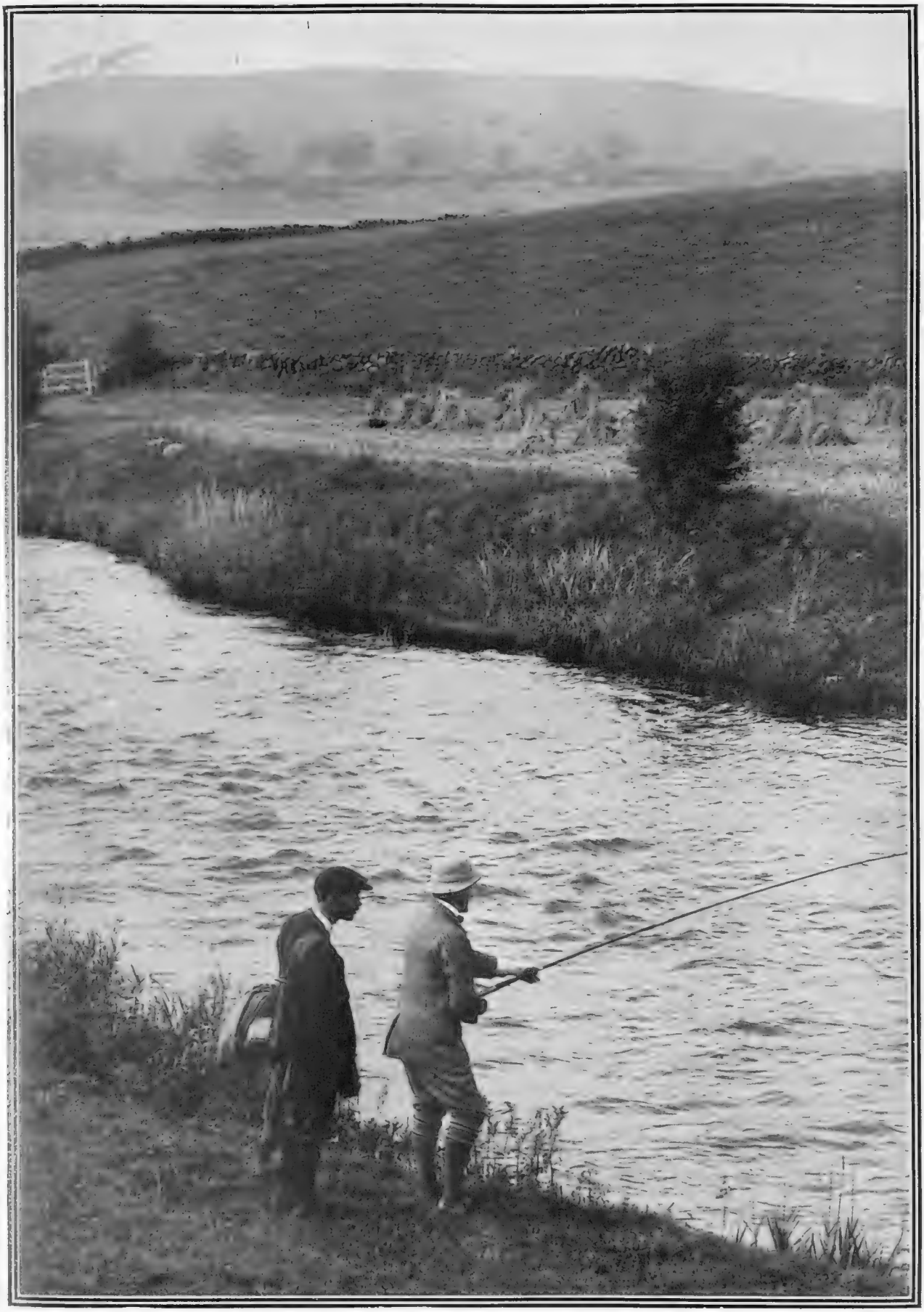
A Preposterous Proposition

In fact, Mr. Fry's proposition, though it captivated the *Field* by its speciousness, was really, when one comes to examine it, quite preposterous. An amateur cricketer is a person who plays cricket in his spare time. If he cannot spare the requisite amount of time to fulfil a cricket engagement, however desirable it may be that he should do so, because the giving up of that time to cricket would involve financial loss either to himself or to some undertaking or institution in which he is, whether pecuniarily, sentimentally, or philanthropically interested, he must decline it. He cannot ask for compensation, by public subscription or otherwise, for the loss of time which the fulfilment of that engagement would entail, even if he is not going to benefit personally to the extent of a penny by the payment of such compensation. We do not always stop to think why we don't do some things and why we do do others. But I fancy what I have just said must have been in the minds of the many who *didn't* respond to the *Field's* appeal to the public to subscribe £5,000 to the Fry-*Mercury* Sustentation Fund. A week after the *Field's* appeal was first made the amount of the subscriptions received was £70 odd, of which the *Field* itself subscribed twenty guineas. This was on August 12. A great deal more may have come along in the next few days, but whether this was so or not, the announcement that Mr. Fry would not be able to go to Australia appeared in the daily papers of August 17, a somewhat abrupt collapse of a strike which was heralded with such a blowing of philanthropic and patriotic trumpets. I pass over the delicate question whether the subscribers to the strike fund are entitled to have their money back because one of the two objects which they were invited to further has failed, but in view of a little incident which occurred at Canterbury, I cannot help recalling a passage from "The Jackdaw of Rheims":

> But what gave rise
> To no little surprise,
> Nobody seemed one penny the worse!

—except that the strike has hardly enhanced certain reputations.

Salmon Fishing on the Braes of Doon

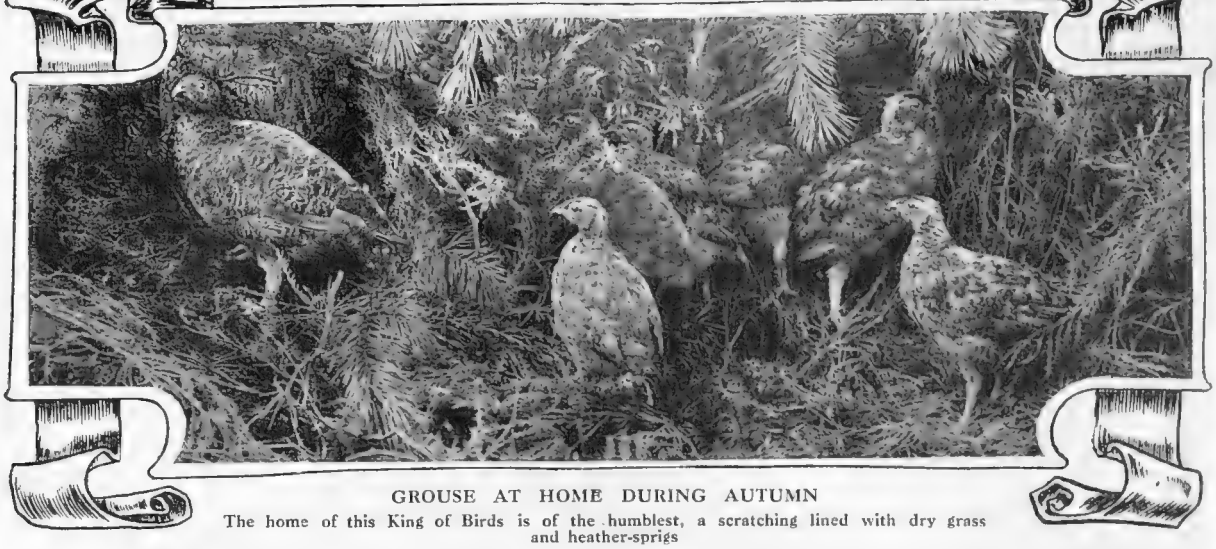


Photograph *H. W. Nicholls*

ANGLING ON A FAMOUS SCOTTISH RIVER

Ideal are the conditions available for fishing on the classic Doon. Sport is excellent this year, fish rising readily to the fly, and giving the angler fat baskets at the day's end. Beyond the yellow cornfields on the opposite banks are seen the purple hills where the river has its source

The Ways of the Grouse



GROUSE AT HOME DURING AUTUMN
The home of this King of Birds is of the humblest, a scratching lined with dry grass and heather-sprigs

The Purple Moors

"Er—eck—kek—kek! Week, week, week!" says the cock grouse in the morning as he disports himself on a hillock; "Yap, yap, yap," or "Youe, youe, youe," answers the mate to his attentions, as he indulges in short, playful flights towards her. Who is there of us that have trod the ever-delightful moors that is not familiar with the fascinating cry of the grouse, a cry so in keeping with the often wild, majestic surroundings in which it is generally heard. To me, there is no cry like it, it always stirring up memories of happy days spent on the exquisite purple heather in August.

A King of Birds

I often wonder how many of the hundreds of men who rent moors, and those who go to shoot this king of birds, that know much about its habits and manners. There are, of course, some who know when they nest, and where they select for their nests. There are some who know what a nest is like, and the usual number of eggs laid, and their colour. They also know the kind of food which grouse prefer, and they know the size and weight of the birds. Shooting and killing is not everything in sport—far from it, though I fear it is the Alpha and Omega of a good many men's minds. However, one thing is certain, my humble remarks are not going to alter people with these ideas, who would, if they could and were allowed, shoot a moor to its very last bird—and then buck about it.

His Majesty's Family Life

Grouse were originally moor fowl, moor game, moor cock, or muir fowl, and Francis Willoughby, the great natural history authority, called them red game. Ere the spring of each year comes round, grouse have long since paired off with their mates and begin to take up their stations for nesting. Grouse will, year after year—if allowed to live—select the same station, and will make their nests in the same spot. The nest consists of merely a scratching, with, perhaps, a lining of some dry grass or twigs of heather. It is often found near a small burn, and generally under the shelter of a tuft of heather. In the North of England the grouse breeds early, and often lays in March, if the weather is warm. In Scotland, May and June are the nesting months.

Homes in the Heather

The heather they like to nest in is under the young plant rather than the old ling, and the number of eggs they usually lay is seven or eight. The colour of the eggs are a pale olive ground, spotted and blotched all over with dark red brown. When the young are hatched, especially in dry season the mother takes them down to the damp parts of the moor, where there is more moisture. If the weather is dry and sunny, the brood grow rapidly, and become independent, pecking at caterpillars, flies, and insects. Should it, however, be wet and heavy showers beat down, the toll taken on the young lives is very considerable. The care both the male and female grouse take of their young is remarkable, and they are ideal parents, full of solicitude for their offspring, and will endure any danger on their behalf. The food of the grouse is chiefly heather and fine-leaved heath, of which they break off the fresh tips of the twigs. They also like bilberry and cranberry and clover leaves. In grouse, as in most birds, the male sex predominates, and generally more male birds reach maturity. It is thought that grouse thrive best on moors of moderate elevation, for in winter the low-lying ones suit them best on account of the shelter.

The Enigma of the Grouse

Grouse are very hardy, and can face very wet seasons, and they can stand stormy and changeable climate, yet, curiously enough, no one has been able to rear them southward of Derbyshire. Whether this has to do with climate or food I am unable to say. Nevertheless, the fact stands, though, curiously enough, on moors in close proximity to smoky manufacturing towns in Lancashire, grouse manage to exist. Owners of moors in Scotland have much to be thankful that this famous bird exists, for of the three million pounds circulated annually in Scotland through sportsmen indulging in shooting, fishing, and deer-stalking, the greater part of this huge sum comes from the letting of moors on which these beautiful birds are born and have their being.

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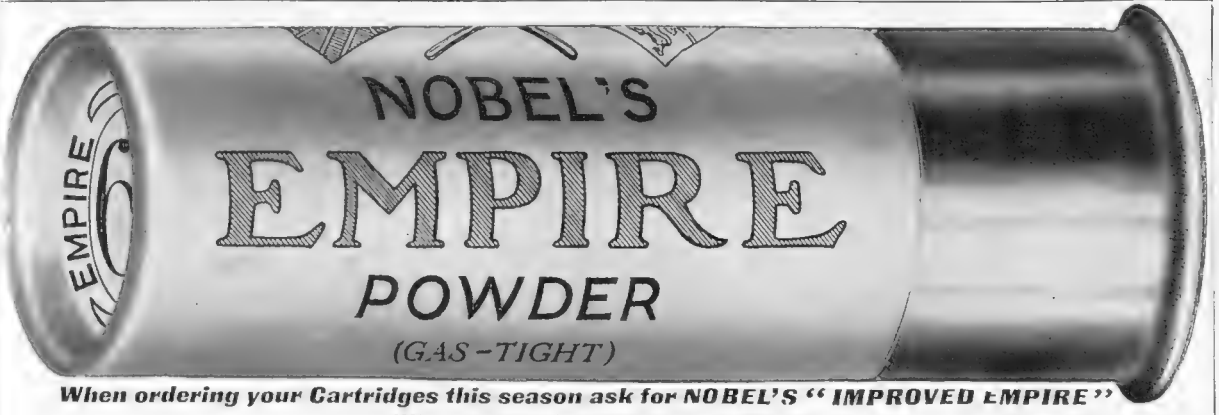

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RACING: Our Jockeys. By CARBINE

Maher on the Carpet

We are all very keen for the purity of the Turf, yet I think most of us were exceedingly relieved when we heard that Danny Maher had been exonerated from all blame in connection with his riding of Lord Rosebery's Sallust at the recent Leicester meeting. It was an extremely serious thing for the famous jockey to have been suspended by the Leicester Stewards from riding any more at their meeting, and in the early part of last week racing people discussed the circumstances of the case with much gravity. Everywhere one heard the hope expressed that Maher would be successful in clearing himself, and when he won a race at Nottingham the cheers which greeted him showed unmistakably that the public sympathy was with him. Sallust is undoubtedly an extremely shifty colt, and it was a little unfortunate for a leading jockey to have his honesty brought into question by such an undependable creature. Had things gone badly for Danny at the inquiry, and had the Stewards been obliged to affirm the verdict of the local officials, it would have meant a great difference to racing. It is all for the good of the sport that we have our two best jockeys in such keen rivalry as exists between Maher and Frank Wootton. If either of them had to go the other would hold a sort of supremacy in his profession which would not be altogether healthy.

Danny's Career

Danny has always been a favourite with the majority of owners, for he has excellent manners, and he brings a tone into the weighing-room which very few other jockeys possess. He has had a wonderfully successful career in England, and it would be a thousand pities to see it come to any other but an honourable conclusion. It is, by the way, a little curious to recall that many of the leading jockeys of the past incurred the displeasure of the Stewards of the Jockey Club at some time or other. So far as my memory serves me, I do not think that Fred Archer was ever suspended for any length of time, but I could quote at least half a dozen names of famous jockeys who were warned off the Turf in the heyday of their careers. We must always remember that the riders have enormous temptations placed in their way, and I often think they are not so much to blame as the owners, who sometimes make it almost impossible for the jockeys to resist their tempting offers.

This Week's Racing

Owing to the drought and the strikes, these are, indeed, dull days for racing, and at the moment of writing it is difficult to say whether the meetings arranged for the present week will be brought off. Providing it is possible to race at Stockton, I shall expect to see **Pitmaston** win the Hardwicke Stakes on Wednesday, and **Goliath** the Durham County Produce Plate on the following day, when the Elton Plate may fall to **Teggery.** At Hurst Park there does not seem to be any likelihood of defeat for **Hornet's Beauty** in the Hurst Stakes on Friday. On the following day the Hurst Park Lennox Plate may be won by **Cherry King.** For the Champion Sprint Handicap my selection is **Runnymede.**

THE MENU: A Cold Dinner

Clear Soup in Cups (Cold)
Mayonnaise of Turbot
Mutton Cutlets in Tomato Jelly
Minced Chaufroix of Chicken. Salad
Melon en Surprise
Savoury: Apôtre en Cercueil (Apostles in Their Coffins)

Mayonnaise of Turbot

Make some mayonnaise sauce, and add to it some aspic jelly. Take some neat pieces of cold boiled turbot, as nearly the same size and shape as possible, coat them with the mayonnaise sauce, leave until the sauce has set, and then arrange them neatly in a dish on a bed of salad. Decorate each piece of fish with a little chopped parsley or sieved yolk of egg. Salmon can be treated also as above.

Mutton Cutlets in Tomato Jelly

Boil or braise (or, if preferred, cook in a paper bag in the oven) the best end of a neck of mutton, and when cold trim into cutlets. Mix together equal parts of tomato sauce and aspic jelly, and mask the cutlets with this when almost cold, and leave them to set. Serve the cutlets round a macédoine of vegetables with mayonnaise sauce, and garnish with cut-up aspic and slices of tomato.

Minced Chaufroix of Chicken

Mince the remains of a boiled chicken, and add to it a little good white sauce; mix in some tiny pieces of ham and truffles (if at hand), and then form it all into small rounds about the size of a five-shilling piece, and about half an inch thick; mask each of these with some stiffened good white sauce, place a small piece of truffle or other garnish to taste on the top of each. Serve round a mixed salad.

Melon en Surprise

Cut off the top of a melon, scoop out the contents carefully, remove the seeds and pith, and cut the fruit into small pieces. Meanwhile stand the melon itself on ice. Marinade or soak the fruit for an hour or so in a little liqueur syrup, lemon-juice, and castor sugar, then place it back in the melon with some whipped cream, replace the top, again stand on ice till perfectly cold, and serve. Pineapple can be treated in exactly the same way; if there is not enough of the fruit to fill the pine, some tinned pineapple can be added, marinading it all in the syrup and liqueur syrup to taste.

Apôtre en Cercueil

Take a cucumber, peel it, and cut it into pieces about three inches long and one and a half wide. Slightly hollow out the centre, and put in a sardine. Cover it with slices of tomato, put a basil leaf on top, and serve in a nest of chopped-up lettuce.

N.B.—The above recipe was sent me by a constant reader of THE BYSTANDER, and is well worth a trial, as it is a delicious savoury, and has the advantage of making a very attractive looking dish. EMILIA

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Flying in the Isle of Wight

The first day of the flying week at Ventnor proved unlucky. Several aviators found the sudden gusts from the Solent too difficult, and some came to grief, including Mr. Pizey, whose biplane touched the ground under the cliffs close to Pelham Bay and was badly damaged

MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

Merits of the Steam Car

We have recently had a considerable and certainly a highly interesting discussion upon the steamer, from which two points have emerged to arrest the attention of any man standing outside the centre of prejudice. The first is the poverty of the case against; and the second is the enthusiasm with which the case for has been presented. Another notable fact is that far the larger percentage of contributors to the discussion have been steam-car owners. The inner history of the steamer, when it comes to be written, will, I imagine, make quite an absorbing document, and the mechanical disadvantages of the earlier steam vehicles will not comprise the strongest reason for the comparative stagnation of this form of road transport. We need not, however, concern ourselves with that now. It is sufficient to observe for the moment that most of the objections which aforetime were rightly entered against the steam car (there were a number entered wrongly and of malice aforethought) are entirely removed from the modern vehicle, and it is, even in the view of the petrol partisan, at least a moot point whether the one or two disadvantages of the steamer (disadvantages only by comparison with the best internal combustion-engined car) are not more than countered by the ease of control, power reserve, unfaltering response, fluid transmission, shockless ease of running (I refer to mechanical shocks, of course), and tyre economy which are the main items in the steam enthusiast's sum of advantages. If we hear little of the steamer to-day it is not because that vehicle is not making a firm place for itself, but only because the exponents of the petrol engine are so numerically strong. The prospects for the steam car grow increasingly bright.

Skill and the Skid

One of the constant possibilities of fast road motor-cycling is the skid. Skill and long practice can sometimes restore the machine's equilibrium and avert what may be a bad fall, but not always. The illustration is of G. T. Gray, on a 3½ h.-p. Rudge, skidding badly on Sutton Bank in the A.C.U. trials

Small Car Development

For a car of the 15.9 class to complete an officially observed running test of 15,000 miles at an *average* speed of nearly thirty-five miles an hour without an involuntary stop is an achievement of the highest order. We have reached a fine stage of efficiency in small-powered cars to-day, as I have several times remarked; but even so, this record stands out to compel attention and congratulation. The running was all on the track, for the reason, first, that a higher average speed than could have been attained on the road was possible, and, second, because the higher the average of pace the greater the strain upon engine and transmission. Yet doing an average of over twenty-three miles to the gallon (an excellent result at that speed), and with less than an hour all told to make adjustments in the shed, the J. D. Siddeley type Deasy came through without a falter to place

itself immovably in the forefront rank of the small cars of the world. However the trial be regarded, the conclusion cannot easily be avoided that in this Siddeley-Deasy we have a car of beautiful balance, sturdiest construction, and most economic running. The Siddeley traditions are being worthily and progressively maintained.

Our Knowledge and Power

"Knowledge," we used to write in the bold round hand of boyhood, "is power"; and power, we were instructed, is a good thing to possess. The which, as a general proposition, is true enough, but, like most copybook maxims, not the whole truth. It all depends upon whether we translate our knowledge into effective action. We have the knowledge, for example, that an aeroplane can locate a submarine from a height that makes it impossible for the submarine to locate the aeroplane. We know, again, that the aeroplane can carry and operate a wireless telegraphic instrument by which it can, within limits, keep in touch with any station on land or sea. We know, therefore, that an aeroplane can transmit messages to a battleship it is working in conjunction with, which will destroy the utility of the submarine. We know, again, that the aeroplane, all other things apart, is a menace of enormous and horrible potentiality. We know all this, but it is not power. We have not translated our knowledge into action; and although we may be quite alive to the urgency of the matter, the fact is that we, or the Government acting for us, are not yet taking effective measures to make our knowledge power. I have endeavoured to emphasise the necessity for more adequate action several times already. I raise my still small voice once again because every day increases the danger, and because every day is adding knowledge that a possible enemy is turning into power. The situation is grave. When will authority cease its damnable farce, and begin?

The Motor-Cycle in Competition

The Clyno with side-car negotiating Arken Garthdale Hill during the A.C.U. reliability trials

In Compression

A bare month of "The Invincible." At the Mid-Staffordshire Hill Climb, Mr. F. Riley's Talbot carried off the Riley Challenge Cup for the third year in succession. Again, at Sheffield Hill Climb, the Challenge Cup went to Mr. Hind's Talbot for the third year in succession—another hat trick. Saltburn, always a mark for the Invincibles, resulted in Talbots regaining the Yorkshire Club's Trophy, besides winning four gold medals and two cups. The Welsh Auto and Aero Club's Competition for a Challenge Cup was won by Mr. Davies's Talbot, and other Talbots took second and third places of honour. Further afield, the Transvaal Athletic Club Competition for the Park Trophy—a competition held under very severe conditions—resulted in Talbots taking first, second, third, and fourth places, together with the Trophy, for the second year in succession. The result of this competition furnished a remarkable record in petrol consumption. The winning Talbot, a 12 h.-p., with a total weight of 1 ton 12 cwt. 3 qrs., completed the distance of 166 miles on 3½ gallons of petrol, or over fifty-three miles to the gallon. (I interpose here a further note received since the foregoing was written. In the Transvaal Automobile Club Competition for the Pressbach Cup, Talbots took first, second, third, and fourth positions. Last year they took first and second.) "What," asks the Clement Talbot Co., "what further evidence could be desired that Talbots, far from standing still or resting on their many laurels, are forging ahead in spite of extended competition?" What indeed!

The mounting of all possible messengers of the G.P.O. on bicycles is a settled policy of the authorities—and a very good policy too. That the number is to be further increased is evident from the fact that a contract for the supply of one thousand "Rover" bicycles has been placed by the Controller of Stores with the Rover Co., Ltd., of Coventry.

Will motorists in doubt kindly note that the resources of Michelin's finely equipped touring office are freely available whatever the tyres that may be on their cars? And will they also specially observe that the Michelin Guide to Germany (printed in German) in a revised and enlarged edition is now out, and may be had post free for sixpence? For both these expressions of enterprise we are Michelin's debtors. "Nothing for nothing and durned little for sixpence" is certainly not their motto. They give us much for nothing and a considerable book for sixpence.

There is a Metallurgique, in the possession of the Hon. Lyndhurst Bruce, which has so far covered 20,000 miles without an involuntary road stop. Its owner writes enthusiastically that "he hopes never to be without a Metallurgique in future." The proof of a car is in the running. This sort of proof is eloquent.

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VERY BEAUTIFUL PLEASURE GROUNDS,

broad terrace walk with stone balustrading, tennis and croquet lawns, rosary, flower gardens, fruit and vegetable garden, glasshouses, etc., in all over 1¼ acres. More land adjoining can be purchased. For SALE, by AUCTION, on September 26, unless previously disposed of privately.—Details of Sole Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W

AN ESTATE IN MINIATURE.

Within a drive of Torquay and Dartmoor.

DELIGHTFUL ADAM RESIDENCE. BEAUTIFUL OLD-WORLD GARDENS.

Glorious climate. South aspect. High and sheltered position.

SOUTH DEVON.—To be LET or SOLD, a charming little ESTATE of 25 acres, carrying a *typical eighteenth-century Residence, fitted with Adam grates and other Adam features*, and possessing admirably proportioned rooms. The exceptionally well-finished House is approached by a carriage drive, and contains: drawing room (about 30ft. by 18ft.), 2 other reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and excellent offices. Delightful old-world terraced gardens, and some well-timbered and watered rich pasture-land, in all ABOUT 25 ACRES. Good stabling and buildings and 2 first-rate cottages. Company's water laid on.

LOW PRICE OR RENT

for immediate disposal.—Inspected and very strongly recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

ON NEW FOREST BORDERS.

SACRIFICIAL PRICE. With extensive New Forest grazing rights.

HANTS (overlooking SOUTHAMPTON WATER).—For SALE, gentleman's RESIDENCE, standing high, with good drive approach, in this favourite residential district.

GLORIOUS UNINTERRUPTED VIEWS OVER SOUTHAMPTON WATER.

Large, lofty drawing room and dining rooms, lounge hall, study, offices, 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, just put into thorough structural order. New drainage; good water supply. Price, for immediate Sale, with 3 acres and stabling, only £1,200; with 16 acres, £1,600; or would be Sold with 40, 70, up to 200 acres.—Inspected and recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

BRENDON HILLS DISTRICT.

Within a drive of Dulverton, Minehead, Timberscombe, etc.

CENTRE OF RENOWNED WEST COUNTRY HUNTS.

SOMERSET.—For SALE, a modern RESIDENCE, about 600ft. above sea, on the sunny slope of a hill, with magnificent views over the surrounding grandly wooded heights and down the lovely Exe Valley. Tiled vestibule, nice hall, 3 reception rooms with bay windows, verandah, complete offices with dairy, etc., 2 staircases, 7 bedrooms, 2 baths, etc. Acetylene gas; good water supply; drainage laid at great expense.

EXCEPTIONALLY GOOD STABLING

for 7, with rooms over and garage. Outbuildings; cottage; about 10 acres of gardens and pasture-land; walks and drives of indescribable beauty. Hunting with Devon and Somerset Staghounds, Dulverton, West Somerset, and Exmoor Foxhounds, Quarme Harriers, etc. Trout fishing and shooting obtainable. Golf at Dulverton. Strongly recommended from personal knowledge.—Details of R. SOWTON BARROW, Solicitor, Dulverton; or of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W

EXCELLENT TROUT FISHING IN THE ITCHEN.

WINCHESTER (close to).—Unfurnished, for a term of years, charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE, recently modernised, and now in excellent order throughout. In lovely part of the country, enjoying complete seclusion, and surrounded by its own grounds and meadow-land of some

50 ACRES.

3 reception, 11 bed, 2 bathrooms, and complete offices. Stabling, motor-house, cottage, and outbuildings. The pleasure grounds include tea-house, rosary, summer-house, and walled kitchen garden. The fishing provides some of the finest in the county, and extends to about a mile in the Itchen. It has been carefully preserved, and a first-rate hatchery gives every facility for keeping up a good stock.—Details and photos of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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Offices: 20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Also New York, Winnipeg, and Sydney.

A DELIGHTFUL RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY OF 70 ACRES WITH A SUBSTANTIAL GEORGIAN MANSION.

HAMPSHIRE (within easy reach of a main line station, from whence London is reached in about 2 hours).

TO BE SOLD, OR LET, UNFURNISHED, ON LEASE.

The above fine old HOUSE, perfectly secluded in magnificently timbered old grounds with many specimen trees. The accommodation comprises: 5 reception rooms, about 22 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; excellent stabling and outbuildings, lodge and cottages; the grounds are quite the feature, and the variety and beauty of the timber are exceptional; there are fine old lawns, Dutch garden, rose garden, walled kitchen garden with glass-houses, etc., and parkland, in all about 70 acres.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.; New York Winnipeg, and Sydney. (3,242)

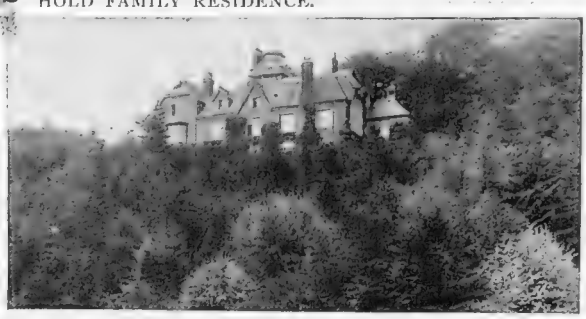
A DELIGHTFUL RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY OF 317 ACRES, with a well-built Residence, farm-buildings, cottages, etc., all in perfect repair.

SUSSEX (in the most beautiful part, commanding extensive views).—To be SOLD, the above FREEHOLD PROPERTY, extending to 317 acres. The Residence occupies a delightful position on a Southern slope, 250ft. above the sea, and the accommodation comprises; lounge hall, billiard, 4 reception, 19 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, and ample domestic offices, including servants' hall, housekeeper's room, etc.; electric light; excellent supply of water; modern drainage; it is admirably planned and perfectly fitted in every detail; stabling for 5; double coach-house; garage; lodge.

FISHING. GOLF. HUNTING. SHOOTING.

The grounds contain some fine ornamental and forest trees, tennis and croquet lawns, rose garden, and well-stocked kitchen garden; home farm; useful farm-buildings and 6 cottages.—Plans and illustrated particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.; New York, Winnipeg, and Sydney. (5,026)

SURREY (on the borders of Caterham and Bletchingley).—FREEHOLD FAMILY RESIDENCE.



Over 700ft. above sea level, and affording fine views of typical Surrey scenery. Contains: 4 reception, 12 bed and dressing rooms, etc.; stabling for 4, with large coach-house and men's rooms

STANDING IN WELL-TIMBERED AND PLEASANT GROUNDS OF ABOUT 8 ACRES.

—Full details of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.; New York, Winnipeg, and Sydney.

BUCKS (close to Burnham Golf Links; close to Taplow Court and Dropmore Park).—To be SOLD, this attractive modern RESIDENCE, occupying a carefully selected position. ABOUT 200FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL, on gravel soil.

Accommodation: large lounge hall, dining room, drawing room, and morning room, 11 bedrooms, bathroom, and well-fitted offices; a feature of the interior is the old panelling and staircase from France; STABLING, COACH-HOUSE, AND GROOM'S ROOMS. The grounds are prettily laid out, and include tennis lawn, flower gardens, kitchen garden, etc., and parklike meadows, in all about 21 ACRES.—Particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W.; New York, Winnipeg, and Sydney.

BETWEEN LEATHERHEAD AND DORKING.

AT THE VERY LOW PRICE OF £30,000, SUBJECT TO A CONTRACT.

400FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

STATION 2¼ MILES. ELECTRIC LIGHT.

TO BE SOLD, an important FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of about 353 ACRES, including the above fine Residence, standing 400ft. above sea level, in a beautifully timbered park of 150 ACRES. Accommodation: suite of 5 reception rooms, saloon or billiard room, winter garden, 27 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and ample offices; electric light installed; stabling for 10 horses.

FARMERY AND 3 COTTAGES.

BEAUTIFULLY LAID-OUT PLEASURE GARDENS.

ANCIENT YEW WOOD OF ABOUT 80 ACRES.

GOLF. HUNTING.

—Photographs and full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.; New York, Winnipeg, and Sydney. (5,041)

SUSSEX (between Lewes and Tunbridge Wells).—To be SOLD, the above well-built RESIDENCE, standing on an eminence in the centre of nearly 14 acres. It faces South, commands delightful views, and contains: lounge hall, 3 reception, 9 bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and usual offices, including servants' hall; Company's water; stabling for 3, and men's rooms, garage; farmery, cottage, charming gardens, grass terraces, tennis and croquet courts, rosary, shady walks, well-stocked kitchen garden and meadow-land; hunting; golf. Very moderate price.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.; New York, Winnipeg, and Sydney. (4,718)

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Telegraphic Address:
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TO GOLFERS (overlooking the Woking Golf Links).—For SALE, the above capital COUNTRY HOUSE, in a high situation, with magnificent views; under 2 miles from Woking Junction; 1½ acres of well-laid-out grounds, full-sized tennis lawn: billiard room, 3 reception rooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms, and 2 bathrooms; electric light; Company's water; carriage drive; sandy soil.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,978)

DORSETSHIRE (3 miles from the coast, 4 miles from Weymouth).—The above charming old nteenth-century stone MANOR HOUSE, with lern comforts and improvements, in beautiful nds of 9 acres, for SALE at a moderate price; ie-mullioned and oriel windows, inglenooks, oak panelling: 15 bed and dressing rooms, athrooms, billiard room, panelled reception ms; first-class drainage; electric light; Comy's water; stabling for 4 horses; grandly bered grounds, 3 lawns, kitchen garden, glass-s, and paddocks, bounded by the river Wey; nusand acres of shooting can be had.—WALTON LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (25,347)

12 MILES WEST OF LONDON (perfectly rural situation).—The above charming TUDOR RESIDENCE, "BARRA HALL," Hayes, Middlesex. TO BE SOLD, or LET UNFURNISHED, ON LEASE; grandly timbered miniature park, beautifully laid-out grounds, in all 12 ACRES: 12 bed and dressing rooms, bath (h. and c.), 4 reception rooms, full-sized billiard room, hall with gallery; stabling, motor-house, large cottage for chauffeur; gas and main drainage; electric light if desired.—Sole Agents, Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W.

ILLUSTRATED COUNTRY REGISTERS

FREE ON APPLICATION.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE publish two large illustrated REGISTERS, containing a selection of the best RESIDENTIAL ESTATES, Country Residences, Shootings, Hunting Boxes, Fishings, etc., for SALE or to be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, in all parts of the United Kingdom. The best and most reliable published. On receipt of a memorandum indicating the class of property required, Messrs. WALTON and LEE will return a specially marked list, showing at a glance descriptions of those places answering the requirements of the applicant.—Offices, 10, Mount St., London, W.

SOMERSET AND DORSET BORDERS (400ft. above sea, commanding magnificent views over the whole of the Blackmore Vale; first-class hunting district).—£6,000 will PURCHASE an old-fashioned COUNTRY HOUSE and over 30 ACRES, with stabling, cottage, farmery, well-timbered but inexpensive grounds, kitchen garden, and orchard: 12 bed and dressing rooms, 4 reception rooms, servants' hall and offices; OR THE RESIDENCE AND 12½ ACRES would be Sold for £4,000.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (25,380)

SEVENOAKS (near; 350ft. above sea; under an hour from London).—OLD-FASHIONED COUNTRY HOUSE and 20 ACRES, TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED, with (or without) 750 ACRES OF SHOOTING: 11 BEDROOMS, bath (h. and c.), 3 reception rooms, hall with fireplace, ample offices; modern drainage, water laid on; stabling for 4 and farmery; BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS, kitchen garden, orchard and parklike pasture-land; CARRIAGE DRIVE WITH LODGE; 1 MILE FROM STATION.—Inspected by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (18,774)

SCARBOROUGH AND FILEY (between).—To be SOLD or LET, the above picturesque and substantially built COUNTRY HOUSE in a high and sheltered position, a mile from the sea, 2½ miles from Filey Golf Links: 8 bedrooms, 3 reception rooms, hall, and offices; stabling for 3, 4 cottages, farmery, well-timbered grounds, lawn, kitchen garden, and paddocks, about 4 acres; a mile from station and village.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (25,323)

WORCESTER (9 miles from, in a pretty and favourite district, over 300ft. above sea, with fine views).—7,000 GUINEAS will PURCHASE an old-fashioned red-brick COUNTRY HOUSE, with stabling, 2 cottages, bailiff's house, farm-buildings, and SOME OF THE BEST LAND IN THE COUNTY, in all ABOUT 100 ACRES. Carriage-drive approach through lovely avenue, charming grounds, kitchen gardens, and orchards: 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.), 4 large reception rooms, lounge hall, conservatory, etc. 2 miles from station.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (25,302)

BANKS OF THAMES (overlooking a lovely reach of the river, between Henley and Reading).—To be SOLD, Freehold, an exceedingly picturesque and well-arranged RESIDENCE, standing high and well above the river, from which it is less than 200 yards distant, and surrounded by beautifully timbered grounds of about 4 acres. It is in perfect order and electrically lighted throughout: 4 reception rooms, billiard room, 12 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, lodge entrance, and capital stabling for 5; matured grounds with tennis and croquet lawns, kitchen garden, and glasshouses; 1¼ miles from a station, 1 hour from Paddington.—Inspected and highly recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (25,933)

AS A WHOLE OR IN 6 LOTS.

HILLINGDON AND UXBRIDGE.

A UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY FOR BUILDERS AND SPECULATORS.

THE EXCEEDINGLY VALUABLE FREEHOLD BUILDING PROPERTY known as

"THE HILLINGDON HOUSE ESTATE," most conveniently situated, about a ¼ of a mile from Vine Street and Belmont Road Stations, on the Great Western and Metropolitan Railways respectively, and comprising an area of about

206 ACRES.

The Estate includes a fine old Family Mansion (see view above), eminently suitable for a gentleman's country residence or for conversion into a public institution, hydro, motor or golf club-house, or any similar undertaking, occupying a delightful position, overlooking a fine ornamental lake, and surrounded by magnificent gardens and pleasure grounds, about 40 acres in extent. The residue of the Property consists of beautifully timbered parklike meadow-lands, traversed for their full length by the picturesque little River Pinn, and includes a good 9-hole golf course. *The town of Uxbridge practically encloses the Property on the North and West sides, and presents* A READY-MADE FRONTAGE OF ¾ OF A MILE OF MAIN ROAD, ALREADY LAID WITH SEWERS, AND SERVED BY THE LONDON TRAM SYSTEM.

The other sides of the Estate are similarly bounded by good roads.

The main and other road frontages could be immediately utilised for building without any preliminary outlay.

THE ESTATE IS TITHE FREE AND LAND TAX REDEEMED.

—Full illustrated particulars, plan, views, etc., apply to the Agents, WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, London, W.

DERBYSHIRE (near CHATSWORTH; 900ft. above sea, with magnificent views).—3,000 guineas will PURCHASE the above quaint old IVY-CLAD HOUSE, containing: billiard room, 3 reception rooms, lounge hall, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 4, accommodation for 4 motors, farmery, coachman's cottage; well-timbered grounds with curious old gardens, large lawns, kitchen gardens, and paddocks, in all 8 ACRES.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (25,310)

£20 AN ACRE.—605 Acres in a good social and sporting part of Norfolk, 2½ miles from a station. Capital COUNTRY HOUSE, containing: 11 bed and dressing rooms, 3 reception rooms; stabling for 10 horses, excellent range of farm-buildings, and good residence for farm bailiff, 3 cottages; land in a high state of cultivation. EXCELLENT PARTRIDGE SHOOTING. TROUT FISHING in stream intersecting the Estate. Large proportion of purchase money can remain on mortgage.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,269)

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IN THE PRETTY COUNTRY BETWEEN WOKING AND GUILDFORD.

£3,500 WILL BUY an OLD FARMHOUSE, renovated and modernised, now in good order: 9 bedrooms, 3 reception, workroom, bathroom, and servants' hall; stabling 4, motor-house, and cottage.

OLD MATURED GROUNDS OF NEARLY 5 ACRES.

Handy for several golf links; express service of trains to London, 1 hour and under.—Full details of Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (11,455)

SUITABLE FOR SCHOOL, SANATORIUM, OR HOTEL.

SURREY (Camberley, close to Sandhurst and the Staff College).—To be SOLD, or LET, UNFURNISHED, a valuable FREEHOLD PROPERTY, approached by a long carriage drive with lodge, and surrounded by

WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS AND PINE WOODS OF 11½ ACRES.

Billiard hall, 5 reception rooms, 25 bed and dressing rooms, bathrooms, etc.; stabling and outbuildings.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

MESSRS. HARRODS (Ltd.) have received instructions to OFFER the attractive DETACHED RESIDENCE known as

"THE ELMS," SHORTLANDS, KENT,

to AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, E.C., on September 29. The House contains: 8 bed, 2 bath, and billiard rooms, 3 good reception rooms, ground floor offices. DELIGHTFUL GARDENS OF 1½ ACRES.—Full particulars at the Estate Offices, as above.

The Property of the late J. F. Christy, Esq.

HAMPSHIRE (Winchester neighbourhood), "UPTON," Old Alresford.—Imposing and picturesque COUNTRY RESIDENCE, delightfully secluded in charming timbered grounds and park.

300FT. ABOVE SEA.

Drawing, dining, and morning rooms, billiard and other reception rooms, 10 principal and 9 secondary bed and dressing rooms, servant's bedrooms, and complete offices for a large establishment; lodge and picturesque gardener's cottage; extensive stabling and motor accommodation. Golf links 2 miles, Alresford Station 1¼ miles. Hunting with H. H., Hambledon, and Hursley Hounds. Fishing and shooting can be obtained. The best of society. Church, P.O., and village are adjacent. The whole Estate Freehold. Total area, 180 acres. This exceptional Estate, of the old-world character, practically perfect in every way, is for Sale at a moderate price, or it may be Rented, Furnished, for a few weeks (or longer), with the option of purchase.—Illustrated particulars and orders to view of the Sole Agents, GUDGEON and SONS, The Auction Mart, Winchester.

By Order of the Executors of the late James W. Reeve, Esq. With possession.

SOUTH HANTS (in a charming pine district, 235ft. above sea level, close to South Stoneham Golf Links, and only 2½ miles from Southampton, with its well-known yachting facilities).—The Valuable RESIDENTIAL ESTATE, known as "RED LODGE," BASSETT, a well-built and appointed Residence, containing: fine hall, 4 entertaining rooms, billiard room, spacious offices, 16 principal and secondary bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms; excellent stabling for 5 horses, with harness and coach and motor houses; small farmery; lodge entrance; gardener's cottage; several ranges of modern built glasshouses; exceptionally beautiful gardens and grounds and parklands, having an area of about 29 acres (more or less), studded with fine timber and ornamental trees and shrubs, and a profusion of rhododendrons, for which this locality is noted; gas, electric light installation; main water supply; telephone; modern drainage.

MESSRS. GUDGEON AND SONS have been favoured with instructions to SELL the above PROPERTY by AUCTION (unless previously disposed of by Private Treaty), at the Royal Hotel, Southampton, on Monday, September 18, 1911, at 3 p.m. precisely.—Particulars and conditions of sale and orders to view may be had in due course of Messrs. H. B. WORRELL and SON, Solicitors, 80, Coleman Street, London, E.C., and of the Auctioneers, The Auction Mart, Winchester.

SURREY (commanding pretty views of the Surrey Hills, Leith Hill, Reigate Park, and the Pilgrim's Way over Reigate Hill).

"BROKE'S LODGE," REIGATE,

a well-built, substantial FAMILY RESIDENCE, containing 12 to 13 bed, 3 reception, billiard room, and bath; every modern convenience, including electric light and central heating; stabling and garage.

WELL-MATURED GROUNDS OF 4½ ACRES.

For SALE, privately, or by AUCTION in September, by Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above, who have inspected and strongly recommend this charming Property.

BY ORDER OF THE MORTGAGEES.

£1,000.—**HEREFORDSHIRE, KINGTON.**—To be SOLD, an exceedingly attractive FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, containing: 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, and good offices; stable and coachhouse.

PICTURESQUE GROUNDS AND LAND OF 6 ACRES.

Good hunting and fishing; bracing climate; gas and water laid on.—Full details of HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

BUCKS (30 minutes from London).—To be SOLD, a most conveniently situated HOUSE, under a mile from station on main line: hall, 3 reception, 6 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, billiard room; pretty garden, tennis lawn, conservatory and greenhouse; gas. Price, Freehold, £1,900.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

OVERLOOKING A WELL-KNOWN GOLF COURSE.

SURREY (40 minutes from London).—To be SOLD, a modern RESIDENCE, occupying a high position, commanding beautiful views. It stands on gravel soil, with a South aspect, and the accommodation comprises: lounge entrance hall, billiard room (24ft. by 18ft.), dining room, panelling in oak, drawing and morning rooms, and usual domestic offices, including servants' hall; above are 9 bedrooms, dressing room, 2 bathrooms; electric light; garage; the gardens of 1¼ acres include rosery, tennis court, rock garden, and flower and kitchen gardens.—Apply, Box K 4,992, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

KENT AND SUSSEX BORDERS.

TO BE LET for next season, 1,300 ACRES of good PARTRIDGE SHOOTING; probable bag, 400 birds; also a few pheasants, etc. The ground has been shot by owner very lightly for last two seasons, and there are a large number of birds; about 30 acres woods and spinneys; large quantities of wildfowl in the vicinity, and a number of duck are bagged each year, besides snipe, teal, etc., on the marshes. There is a cottage on the Estate for use of tenant, also a retriever. RENT, £125.—Apply, Box KS, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

TO BE SOLD, at a low price, an Historical CASTLE, containing: 20 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; grounds and parkland of 23 acres. The Estate of 1,110 acres would be Sold.—Apply, Box K 4,291, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

WANTED, IN SUSSEX OR KENT (not Crawley or Horsham), within 1½ hours London, well-shaded COUNTRY HOUSE: 8 good bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), water laid on, 3 reception; stabling 2, coach-house, cottage. Long Lease, Unfurnished, £100 to £150 per annum, including all rates and taxes; good old garden and fields; *not a villa*; inexpensive upkeep.—Will owners apply to Major J. S. CORLETT, 15th Lancers, Charlton Court, W. Maidstone, Kent.

FOR SALE (on St. George's Hills, off main road, 1 mile from Weybridge Station), a commodious HOUSE in perfect condition, fitted with all the latest modern conveniences, all rooms heated by radiators, electric light throughout: 11 bed and dressing room, 4 reception and large billiard room, really good domestic offices; garage for 3 cars; workshop; men's rooms; greenhouses; well-wooded garden with tennis lawn. Early possession could be arranged.—Apply, HINSLEY, Birnam, Weybridge.

HUNTING SEASON, 1911-1912.

MEYNELL (centre of).—Beautifully appointed GEORGIAN MANSION, on gravel soil: 23 bed, 2 bath, 4 reception rooms, large hall; extensive stables; picturesque old grounds; electric light, etc. (F 6,571)

V.W.H., ETC.—Extremely comfortable RESIDENCE, 400ft. above sea: 13 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms, lounge hall; stabling 10.—Inspected and strongly recommended. (F 2,321)

WHADDON CHASE (centre of).—Beautifully furnished HOUSE: 7 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms; stabling 12, etc. (F 6,688)

BICESTER AND GRAFTON (first-class hunting centre).—Excellent up-to-date HUNTING BOX: 10 bed, bath, 4 sitting rooms; stabling 10; hunting 5 or 6 days. (F 6,821)

QUORN, ATHERSTONE, ETC.—Excellent hunting: 10 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms; stabling 9; charming old-world garden; favourite district.—Inspected and strongly recommended. (F 5,884)

BLACKMORE VALE (centre of).—Well-furnished TUDOR HOUSE: 9 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms; stabling 9; large gardens, etc.; 15 acres grass; hunting 6 days; polo ground close. (F 5,590)

400FT. ABOVE SEA.

SURREY (20 miles Town).—This pretty old-fashioned RESIDENCE to be LET for 3 or 6 months: 8 bed, bath, 3 reception, and large hall with oak beams; stabling; charming grounds about 2 acres. Low Rent to careful tenants.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 2852)

HANTS COAST.—An attractive FREEHOLD ESTATE of 240 acres for SALE, with a well-planned House in the Elizabethan style, standing 250ft. above sea level, and containing: 4 reception, billiard, and 22 bed and dressing rooms, etc.; stabling, cottage, farmery, etc.—For full particulars apply to Box K 5,152, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

SURROUNDED BY DELIGHTFUL OLD GROUNDS.

30 MINUTES OF TOWN, 10 minutes of main line station, yet enjoying complete privacy.—To be SOLD, or might be LET, Unfurnished, an old-fashioned RESIDENCE, containing: lounge hall, 3 reception, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, and the usual domestic offices; electric light; main drainage; Company's water. The grounds extend to about 4½ ACRES, and contain some fine old specimen trees, wide-spreading lawns, tennis court, well-stocked kitchen garden, and meadow.—Apply, Box K 5,938, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

IN A FAVOURITE PART OF SURREY.
OCCUPYING A DELIGHTFUL SITUATION, 400FT. HIGH, ON SANDY SOIL.

TO BE SOLD, a fine old COUNTRY HOUSE, part of which is very ancient. It stands in grounds and small park of 36 acres, perfectly secluded, and contains: fine oak-panelled hall, dining room also panelled in oak, 3 other reception rooms, wide covered verandah commanding lovely views, 15 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, etc.; stabling for 4, 2 coach-houses, garage, etc. The pleasure grounds are in first-rate order. There are old lawns. Italian garden, terrace, and loggia; the remainder is all pasture-land with model farmery; Company's water; sand soil.—Box K 4,694, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

UNDER 1 HOUR NORTH OF LONDON.
STATION ½ MILE.
GOLF COURSE 1 MILE.

TO BE SOLD, Freehold, a charming old-world RESIDENCE, standing in grounds of about 4 acres. Accommodation: entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, and good offices; gas and water laid on; stabling for 3 horses; delightful pleasure gardens, conservatory, summer-house, kitchen garden, and paddock; gardener's cottage; 2 cucumber's cottages.—Box K 4,[illegible] THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESSES: "Wilsogra, London." "Wilsogra, Yeovil."

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RESTORATION OF OLD-WORLD PLACES.—WILSON and GRAY prepare plans and specifications for the renovation and restoration of old Houses and Mansions at *moderate fees.* WILSON and GRAY have, by careful study and considerable *practical experience*, gained extensive knowledge in this special branch of their business, and if desired they will be pleased to arrange for clients to inspect either work completed or work now in hand. *Owners are respectfully invited to consult Wilson and Gray respecting contemplated improvements.*

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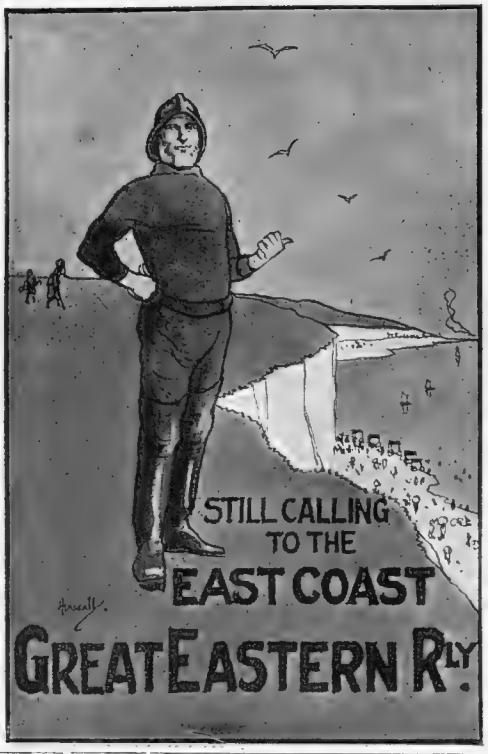

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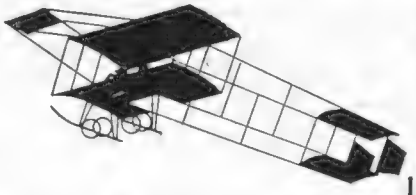

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By MRS. JACK MAY

THE AGE OF ETERNAL YOUTH

THERE is a bewilderment of forces at work in the modistic world, and not even the great elect can say themselves what the upshot will be. Dress has reached such a pitch, and is accorded so important a place in the social scheme, that it cannot be viewed in the least from the same point as was the case even ten years ago. Those women who are relatively indifferent to their personal appearance are perforce compelled to have something of a trained eye, and are swept along in the current of momentary conditions.

Again, there are so many things apart from actual outer raiment which count in the well-being of the *vraie élégante* of the day. From time to time in these columns it is my pleasurable duty to enforce the value of special face treatment, corsets, *coiffures*, etc.

Modern Woman's Awakening

We are all ten times more concerned than we were a decade ago in providing as perfect a foundation as possible for our clothes. A far, far better understanding prevails as to the enhancing value of a clear, unwrinkled face, full, firm throat, erect and free carriage, engendered by long, lissom corsets, hair naturally, rather than artificially, arranged, even so seemingly slight a thing as the care and preservation of the hands helping to form an important link in the chain.

As a sex, we are written down as vain, this inferring generally that we are always thinking about our personal appearance. Now, as a matter of fact, the women who do that are actually in the minority. The majority do not think half enough about themselves. They either lack the time or the intelligence to study their personal possibilities and their limitations, and are all too prone to hope a new dress, in some new fashion, or a new hat will work a complete metamorphosis.

Not but what conditions are improving; and we shall, in course of time, sweep away once and for all the imputation that we Englishwomen only begin to dress after the corset, whereas a Frenchwoman ceases to dress there. Although a somewhat wild assertion, however, this must not be taken *au pied de la lettre*, but has, nevertheless, a great truth at the back of it.

A Fascinating Toilette of White and Gold

Beauty of material is the leading element in this *recherché* confection, the *jupe* with an elegant freedom at the hem, and the corsage trimmed gold lace with tiny sleeves of white tulle

(Designed by Dorothy Millar)

The Fatality of Emulation

Every *couturière* agrees that it is easier to dress a young, natural figure, with the adjuncts of a good complexion, bright eyes and hair, than an older woman who has allowed herself to "go." And, nowadays, such are the opportunities, that all these essentials can be maintained until after the half-century has been turned, and maintained, moreover, by healthy and legitimate means. There are naturally gradations; and I am not for a moment pretending that it is possible for the woman of fifty exactly to resemble a young girl of nineteen; for it is a fatal mistake when the former attempt any silly emulation of the sort.

"IVERNITS" A-WHEEL

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"Ivernit" Coat Style A, 25/6

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HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

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The Irish peasant girls who knit these Coats are the finest knitters in the world, the wool used is the finest British knitting yarn, and as a natural consequence "Ivernit" Coats are infinitely superior to all other makes of Knitted Coats.

For all sports, for travelling and country wear, the "Ivernit" Coat is an ideal garment.

"Ivernit" Coats are obtainable in white and all colours from the leading London and Provincial Drapers. A Souvenir Booklet containing illustrations of the Coats, and the name of the nearest Draper who stocks them, can be had post free from the "Ivernit Enterprise," 91 Wimpole Street, W.

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Ladies' All-linen, Hemstitched, 2/11 to 12/6 per dozen.
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"Matchless" Shirts, with fine four-fold fronts and cuffs, for dress or day wear (to measure 2/- per half-dozen extra), per half-dozen, 35/6.

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CARPET SOAP

Is the best carpet cleaner in the world It removes ink, grease and all dirt from carpets and woollen fabrics. A damp cloth—a little Chivers' Soap—a carpet like new without taking it up. Sample ball sent post free 3d. stamps.
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Hinde's

Drapers, Stores, Hairdressers, Everywhere. 6d. & 1/- the Box.

Hair Wavers.

FATE THE STARS TELL YOU.

6,000 TESTIMONIALS.

I will send a **Test Horoscope** comprising seven pages and cover on receipt of 1/- P.O. and 1d. stamp for postage. Simply give date, month and year of birth time if known. Money returned if Horoscope is untrue

Mr. Newton Verity (B.E.), 58, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

For instance, few things tend to age a woman more than dyeing the hair. It is impossible to say why this is so, but it is. Grey hair, kept in a vigorous state of health and freshness by electric brushing and careful attention, generally tends to youthen the face.

Powder and Paint

Again, of what use momentarily to fill up furrows and wrinkles with powder and paint when these can, to a large degree, be rendered non-existent. I consider we are under the greatest obligation to the face specialist, who has brought us out of the slough of deleterious powder and paint. The wisdom is at least being realised of apportioning an allowance to embrace these essentials, hitherto regarded as extraneous luxuries. Better far relinquish a dress or mantle, if need be, than neglect the services of the skin specialist, *coiffeur*, or *corsetière*.

Royal Influence at Work

Although the days are past when those in high places actually create fashions, such as the ruffle of Queen Bess and the crinoline and burnous of the Empress Eugénie, a certain influence is still inevitable. Despite rumours to the contrary, the which are all absolutely false, our present Court has scarcely ever had its equal for freedom of selection.

And mark you what is happening. Instead of taking advantage of this, dress is becoming daily quieter and more dignified there. Rich rather than extravagant effects are sought, together with more moderation of outline. Under the auspices of the Coronation there was launched in the fairest of waters the exquisitely proportioned Princesse gown of brocade, model after model issuing from a renowned *couturière*, whose name is inseparably connected with the Court.

A Dinner Toilette of Gold and White Brocade

Beauty of material is a leading element in the charm of this *recherché* confection, the jupe with an elegant freedom at the hem, and the corsage trimmed gold lace, with tiny sleeves of white tulle, the normal waist being perfectly defined. Back in the recesses of my inner conscience something clamours for long tulle sleeves with these brocade gowns, not, perhaps, for *en grande tenue*, but dinner, perhaps theatre wear, and the like. It is some time now since we had the long sleeve in with a *décollete* corsage, and one particular epoch when the vogue was in, has left an indelible impression of grace and elegance.

Moderation in the Coiffure

Never has hair-dressing touched such a high pitch of perfection as is the case at present. Apparently artless, and simple, *au natural*, as the artist manipulating our tresses explains, the depths of her cleverness no lay mind can possibly fathom. In place of the puffing and padding out of the sides, the hair undulates gently close to the head, and leaving the ears uncovered, is gathered up at the back into a cluster of curls, held by a swathed coil. Or, at least, that is a favourite dressing, here depicted by Mrs. Dorothy Millar.

The Coiffure Geometrical

Another style comprises light, rather loose puffs, or curls, pinned closer to the head and spreading wide from side to side. And this, for evening wear, is frequently accompanied by a coil or plait carried coronal-wise round the front of the head. The set conventional, almost geometrical dressings are wholly of the past, albeit they have died hard in the esteem of the men *coiffeurs*, who would fain have kept the elaboration up.

But these fell designers have been frustrated, firstly by women of good taste, and secondly by the growing fraternity of feminine hair-dressers, who, by the way, are not allowed to belong to any of the various societies in the coiffure world. It is only fair to add, however, that this does not appear to be regarded by them in the light of a grievance.

Ensnaring Man's Imperial Race

In place of puffing and padding out the sides, the hair gently undulates close to the head, and is gathered up in a cluster of curls held by a swathed coil (Designed by Dorothy Millar)

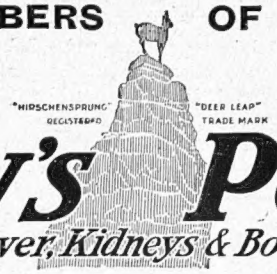
Mahomet and the Mountain Waters

Although Malvern's lovely mountain scenery was famous even in the days of the Romans, its mineral springs, which to-day are even more famous than the scenery, are of far more recent discovery. It became fashionable in the time of the Stuarts to journey thither to take the waters, for patients and visitors were loud in their praises of the valuable mountain springs. Before long Malvern became a noted centre of fashion, people coming from all parts of England and abroad. In those days Mahomet came to the mountain, in good sooth, for the mountain water was not then available for one in one's home as at present. It is to-day possible to enjoy all the benefits of a fashionable and expensive cure wheresoever one desires. For the spring has been leased by Messrs. W. and J. Burrow, who distribute the health-giving waters branded by the "Alpha" mark. No foreign waters of any kind are so pure or so cheap.

PRESCRIBED FOR MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.

Beware of neglecting "Liverishness"—that condition which is so fruitful of constitutional diseases, such as Bright's Disease, Diabetes, &c.

Aid the Liver to do its work both easily and efficiently with "Kutnow's Powder," and Liver depression will be removed.



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For Liver, Kidneys & Bowels.

Get Rid of "Liverishness," Biliousness & Constipation

"Liverishnesss," Biliousness, and Constipation are closely related to each other, and are all the result of the incomplete working of the liver. Sometimes the liver becomes over-burdened with work, and in consequence gets into that state which is usually called "sluggish," but which really means that it has more work than it can do.

What is the result? Well, you become what is generally called "Liverish." You lose your appetite, you may have a very painful sick headache; a thickly coated tongue gives a nasty taste in your mouth; you have a strong dislike for work or activity of any kind; and you feel dull, depressed, and miserable. You may also suffer from Constipation, Flatulence, Acidity, Heartburn, and a host of other ailments which occur when the liver is not working properly, or when there is an excess of Uric Acid in the system.

It is when this state of things has come to pass that "Kutnow's Powder" comes as "First Aid" to the liver, and so also to the bowels and kidneys. First of all, it helps the liver to get rid of its extra burden, and then, when that is done, it strengthens the action of the liver itself, invigorates it, and gives it "tone."

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COTTON (plain, check or stripe), 1/- pair.
SILK (plain elastic) .. .. .. 2/- pair.
By post, 2d. per pair extra.

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The Editor's Box

Twentieth-Century Hotel Life

For a great many people to-day life in a modern hotel has solved the vexed question of where to live and how to avoid life's little worries. There are many fashionable people who book suites of rooms from one year's end to another in the West-End hotels. Of them probably the most popular is the Sloane Gate Hotel. Combining all the ease and luxury of the most modern design of hotel, with handsome and comfortable appointments, this hotel has long been favoured of the leisured classes. The private apartments will prove a surprise to many. For but few hotels offer like accommodation at such moderate tariff. Every room is bright and cheerful, and possesses a sunshiny aspect. The Sloane Gate Hotel has easily answered the question of where to live in Town.

Vittel and Its Mineral Springs

Many health-seekers prefer the restful surroundings which the more secluded spas ensure to them, at least, when this advantage is combined with medical aid of the best and ample provision for passing the time agreeably. A typical place of this kind is Vittel, than which no spa in the Vosges has more rapidly advanced in favour in recent years. Vittel is a little world of its own, separated from the old town. Its hotels and villas and the various water-drinking and bathing establishments are ranged in a semi-circle facing a large, open park. A large medical staff, including an English physician, watches over the interests of patients. From England Vittel is reached by the Calais-Basle express, changing at Chaumont. A week-end ticket is issued by the 9 p.m. service on Friday to Calais, from which town there is a through carriage; the return train leaves Vittel at 9.30 on Monday morning, London being reached the evening of the same day at 10.45. From Paris, by the Eastern Railway, the journey can be made in five hours by the best train, which has a restaurant car, and through carriages for Vittel.

Where It is Cool

Day by day the barometer rises, and there is every prospect of a continuance of the present conditions, so that no wonder everyone is seeking a cool spot. From information recently obtained from East Anglian holiday stations the weather is most enjoyable, brilliant sunshine with a cool and pleasant breeze, and those who are considering their holiday arrangements or contemplating spending a week-end out of town should not finally decide their plans until they have perused the various guides of the East Coast resorts, together with programmes containing full information of the travelling facilities, which can be obtained gratis at any of the Great Eastern Company's railway stations or London offices upon sending a postcard to the Superintendent of the Line, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

London Hippodrome

The Hippodrome programme is full of good things. Mlle. Mella Mars, the celebrated Viennese Diseuse and Chanteuse, is attracting very many people to the theatre. She is quite the vogue, and is accompanied in her songs by the well-known Hungarian composer, M. Béla Larzky. For sheer daring let me recommend M. Georges Marck's performance with his forest-bred lions in the little drama, "A Terrible Dream," written by himself. "A Night with the Sultan," introducing Armène Ohanian, the famous Persian dancer, remains in the bill. There are many other attractions—all excellent.

Wizards at Home

Somebody once asked if there were another place in the world where so many wonders were to be seen as at the Egyptian Hall. But in no way is this an open question. Taking London as the centre of the world, where all that is best in entertainments gets sooner or later, a visit to the famous Hall of Mystery means an emphatic affirmative. It is unique in the annals of entertainment, mirth-provoking mystery upon mystery for three packed hours. It is redolent of the times when magi and genii had their life and being among mortals. Maskelyne and Devant invented a form of entertainment which has never been equalled. The latest programme is like all its predecessors. It is just that anticipation of what the public likes which has for so long made the Egyptian Hall so popular. There is the wonderful disembodied spirit, there is bogey golf, and there is Mr. Devant's répertoire of illusions and mysteries, culminating in the "Artist's Dream."

TO GET OVER MAL-NUTRITION

Two eminent physicians write as follows:

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"We use and greatly enjoy **Plasmon** Preparations, and a member of my family has used **Plasmon** with great benefit, having gained 9lbs. in weight, and far more than £9 in appearance."

———, M.D.

June 5th, 1911.

"I found **Plasmon** Specialities all that could be desired in a particular case where I was able from personal observation to note their effects; a child of twelve, who, without any definite illness, did not thrive on ordinary healthy food."

———, L.R.C.P.

A Special **Art-Metal Box** *containing a packet of Plasmon, Plasmon Cornflour, Plasmon Custard, Plasmon Biscuits, Plasmon Tea, and Plasmon Chocolate, together with an illustrated Cookery Book, will be sent for* 1s. *post free, to all who write mentioning this paper to Plasmon, Ltd.*, 66a, *Farringdon Street, London.*

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A Delicious Cup of Cocoa

MADE IN A MOMENT

Take a teaspoonful of Savory and Moore's Cocoa and Milk, add boiling water as required, and you have in a moment a delicious cup of Cocoa, nourishing and sustaining—in fact, a meal in itself.

Savory and Moore's Cocoa and Milk is an excellent thing for the brain-worker, for those who suffer from "nerves" or insomnia, and for the busy man or woman who is obliged at times to forego a regular meal and yet requires something sustaining in the meantime.

But perhaps its most valuable property is that it can be easily digested even by those who have to diet themselves with care and are unable to take tea, coffee, or cocoa in the ordinary form. Tins, 2s. 6d. and 1s. 6d., of all Chemists and Stores.

A TRIAL TIN of the Cocoa and Milk will be sent, by return, post free, for 3d. Mention "The Bystander," and address: Savory and Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, New Bond Street, London.

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